Red Rears for Rose and Rouge
Chapter 1: Operation: Get Sonic to Marry Me!
By Yu May

Once upon a time, outside of the quaint village of Floral Forest, nestled amidst the vibrant blooms and verdant foliage, there was…a bush. Apart from the fact that a bluebird named Flicky liked to hunt for worms there, there was nothing particularly remarkable about this bush. But as Flicky made his mid-morning meal, he heard a chirping sound, like bird-song, though not like any he'd ever heard. The leaves of this bush rustled, and Flicky flew away, tweeting furiously.

Out from the bush popped the pink-haired head of a young, love-struck, star-crossed hedgehog: Amy Rose. She held up a device like an analog walkie-talkie with a miniature television screen, the source of the beeping that had so offended poor Flicky.

"Come on, Tails, don't let me down!" growled Amy under her breath as she slapped the screen with the gloved palm of her hand. The device was a Chaos Emerald Locator, Tails' latest invention. It had led Amy to the general area of Floral Forest, but the blip that indicated a Chaos Emerald was close by had been moving in circles all morning.

"Once I find that Chaos Emerald, and get it set in an engagement ring, then break into Sonic's house, hide the ring under his pillow, and play subliminal messages over the radio for a few weeks telling Sonic to marry Amy Rose, he's sure to find it, take it as a sign from heaven, and surprise me with a magical, romantic proposal of marriage!" Amy grinned slyly. Her plan was fool proof! Too bad Tails' gadget wasn't more precise, but he was only a kid after all!

As she played with the dial impatiently, the blip appeared on her screen again, and Amy nearly fumbled the locator in her excitement. It was only thirty feet away? But then more dots appeared on the screen. Four of them? That couldn't be right!

Amy huffed, sending one of her pink strands of "hair" fluttering (one of her quills). "I am *so* going to kick Tails' tails when I get home!"

Then she heard footsteps approaching. Amy hid deeper in the bush at the sight of a robot. Was it one of Eggman's badniks? Amy exhaled with relief as she examined the lone robot more carefully, and recognized him. "No! It's just Gemerl. Thank goodness!"

Although Gemerl had technically been created by the bad doctor, Gemerl had defected to Team Sonic after befriending Cream the Rabbit. Suddenly a lightbulb appeared over Amy Rose's head. "I should say hi, maybe Gemerl knows something about the Chaos…"

Just as Amy jumped out of the bush to introduce herself, several things happened at once. The wind rustled the branches of the trees above them, and as Gemerl caught sight of Amy, he twitched reflexively into a battle stance. Amy tried to shout, "Woah!" as she produced her weapon, a Piko Hammer, to defend herself. Then a shadowy figure leapt from the tree branches, dropping straight towards Gemerl, who spun his attention upward.

Gemerl's glass eyes flashed red. "Ambush sighted! Defense protocol engaged!"

His metalic arm shot upward to block, just in time to intercept a mean axe kick from the mysterious assailant. As Gemerl struck the assassin's chest, she squeaked and hopped backward into the light, covering her ample breasts with a pout. "Humph! Well I never! I see Eggman hasn't programmed you to behave like a gentleman!"

Amy recognized the voice at once. "Rouge? What are you…"

Before Amy could finish, Gemerl leapt at her with a spinning reverse hook kick. "Attackers on two sides! Recommended tactics: 1. Use aggressive offense to create distance! 2. Retreat to Floral Forest Village! 3. Raise the alarm!"

Amy whipped up the handle of her hammer to deflect the kick, but not wanting to hurt a friend of a friend, she checked her counter-blow.

Before Amy could open her mouth to explain herself, Rouge interrupted with a hooting, high-pitched cackle. "Announcing your attacks? How darling! You remind me of Omega."

As Rouge attempted a running jump kick, Gemerl dodged out of the way of her deadly stiletto high-heels, leaving a shocked Amy directly in Rouge's path. With a squeal, Amy

ducked, and the knife-like heel sunk into the tree trunk above her head. “Rouge? You almost took my head off!”

Struggling to pull her heel free, Rouge immediately hid her fear behind her bravado. “Well, well, well, Amy Rose? You’re out of your league, kid. But don’t worry, I’m a government agent, I’m trained to take down Eggman’s robots!”

Amy tried to scramble out from under Rouge’s leg, still pinned in place above her. “I’m not a kid! And Gemerl’s not one of–”

The two unlady-like ladies froze as they heard a humming roar behind them. Both turned to look, and found Gemerl’s arms pointed at them like cannons, steam rising as crackling orange energy burst from them.

Amy was on her hands and knees. Rouge was still standing on one leg.

Out of respect for his friend Cream the Rabbit, Gemerl thankfully refused to use lethal force.

Nevertheless, as his programming dictated, Gemerl aimed for the center of mass. The two beams of energy landed precisely on Amy and Rouge’s rear ends, blasting aside Amy’s hammer and snapping Rouge’s knife-like high heel. They landed face-first in the soft dirt, their two tails steaming from the residual heat.

Gemerl casually kept his arm cannons trained on the two strangers as they flew through the air and landed, ready to blast them again. “Targets temporarily stunned. Initiating ‘friend or foe’ protocol. Unidentified assailants, please identify yourselves as either friend or foe.”

Rouge snarled as she lifted her face from the dirt, spitting out a pebble, her sensitive ears still ringing from the blast. “Get out of here, Amy! I’ll handle Eggman’s lackey!”

To her credit, even with a missing high-heel, Rouge managed to stumble between Amy and the robot’s line of fire before she froze at the sight of Gemerl aiming another blast at her chest. His eyes flickering red, his voice suddenly became less robotic in his anger. “I am not Eggman’s lackey anymore! Answer required. Friend? Or foe?”

Still wincing, Amy snapped her hands up in a gesture of surrender. “We’re friends! I mean, I’m friends with Cream the Rabbit!”

Instantly, Gemerl’s eyes flashed from blazing red to a more cautious yellow. “Friends of Cream?”

Amy nodded furiously, trying to catch Rouge’s eye.

In truth, Rouge didn’t know Cream that well, but as she looked back and forth, she caught the hint. “Yes! Good friends! Both of us!”

Gemerl cocked his head as his central processing unit started to buzz. “Accessing memory. Targets identified. Calculating probability of veracity…”

“Who are you?” chirped a little voice from behind Amy and Rouge.

Amy and Rouge stiffened, and turned to look. It was Cream the Rabbit, holding a picnic basket.

Cream closed her eyes, smiling as she recognized Amy. “Oh! Miss Amy! What are you–”

Gemerl’s eyes flashed red again. “Miss Cream! Please remove yourself from the vicinity!”

Amy and Rouge started babbling at the same time.
“We’re-friends-we’re-friends-we’re-friends!”

Cream stomped her foot. “Mr. Gemerl! You stop that, right this instant! This is my friend, Amy Rose!”

“Acknowledged. And what of the assassin?”

Cream cocked her head at the sight of the bat in the strange, skin-tight outfit. Her pet, Cheese the Chao, poked his blue head curiously out of the picnic basket to investigate. Cream and Cheese shared a look, both wondering why the grown bat-woman was still wearing her pajamas. “I’m sorry, have we met, Ma’am?” asked Cream.

Painfully aware that Gemerl's two cannons were now aimed directly at her chest (one for each of her breasts), Rouge struggled to find a truthful answer that also wouldn't anger the guardian robot. "Well! I think we met briefly after that whole business with Metal Sonic, but…I'd love to be friends!"

Cream giggled. "Oh! I remember now! Silly me! You're Mr. Knuckles' friend! He asked me all sorts of questions about you! I simply must have you over to Mother's house for tea!"

Finally, as Gemerl's eyes gently shifted from yellow to a soothing green color, his stiff robotic words became more warm and human. "Calculations complete. Initiating apology. I am so sorry, Miss Amy and Miss Rouge. My inductive reasoning regarding your intentions was faulty. I incorrectly concluded that you were after the Chaos Emerald."

"Chaos Emerald?" snapped Amy and Rouge at the same instant.

Gemerl nodded. "Affirmative. Analyzing situation… Ha. Ha. Ha. As Miss Cream would say, 'How silly of me!'"

The robot opened a hatch on his chest, producing a hefty gem, clear as a diamond. As his gentle personality overrode the more logical aspects of his programming, Gemerl closed his eyes to indicate an amused expression. "It would appear this present circumstance perfectly fits the definition of irony!"

His eyes went wide as Amy and Rouge both dove for the gem, crashing into his chest and into each other.

As the coveted emerald flew into the air, Cream's plaintive cry of, "No!" was lost over the furious sound of the three-man brawl.

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Vanilla the Rabbit sipped her rooibos tea daintily, wondering what was keeping Cream. It was a shame to miss tea time on a perfect spring day like today. What could be more calming than a rich, red rooibos, sweetened with honey, cream, and vanilla?

Vanilla basked in the sight of a flock of birds taking flight above the nearby forest. Then, with a crack like thunder, an intense blast of energy burst from the forest into the sky. An old oak tree trembled, then fell over, raising a pillar of dust, leaves, and ash.
Vanilla ducked as a chunk of wood the size of a dagger came spiraling towards her from the forest. The missile shattered her perfect cup of tea, before it sank, quivering, into the cottage wall behind her.

Rolling up her sleeves, Vanilla ran to ring the alarm bell for the volunteer fire department, ignoring the sound of a third explosion echoing from the forest.

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“Oh no! Mr. Gemerl! Please don’t fight! Violence is not the answer!” wailed Cream, as the robot’s arm cannon shot missed Rouge the Bat, felling another tree.

“Chao chao!” chimed in Cheese.

“Fear not, Miss Cream. Though your friends’ behavior is unacceptable, I will only utilize Combat Practice Mode to neutralize them,” answered Gemerl as he kicked the Chaos Emerald from Rouge’s clutches.

But before he could snatch it up, Amy Rose launched it into the air like a polo ball with her Piko Hammer. “Look, I don’t want to hurt you, Gemerl, but I need that Chaos Emerald! Yipe!”

Amy deftly blocked a series of karate chops as Gemerl spun his arms like helicopter blades. “Such concerns may be disregarded, Miss Amy. You cannot hurt me. I am not programmed to feel pain.”

Kicking against a tree, Rouge managed to get enough height to glide for the gem and snatch it before either Amy or Gemerl could reach it. “Sorry, but this beauty is already spoken for.”

Gemerl launched into the air with surprising force, and would surely have intercepted Rouge if Amy’s Piko Hammer hadn’t knocked him down to land in a patch of tall grass.

Amy stammered as she waved to the robot’s prone form, before running past him awkwardly, hot on the bat’s trail. “Sorry! I’m Sorry! So sorry!”

Cream cradled Gemerl's spherical head, relieved to see that the robot was only stunned, his eyes displaying spinning logos as he rebooted. "Amy Rose! Shame on you! That's no way to treat Mr. Gemerl!"

Hopping nimbly from rocks and tree branches to reach her quarry, Amy turned and looked over her shoulder stupidly in mid air, "I didn't wanna hurt him! It was a…reeeeeflex!"

Amy's last word trailed off into a wail as the handle of the Piko Hammer lodged into Rouge's right boot. Rouge careened as she felt something heavy pull her off balance. Rouge barely missed a maple tree, and looked down to find Amy dangling from her heels. "Leggo, bimbo! I can't carry your weight!"

"Say what about my weight? Are you calling me fat?" roared Amy.

Rouge twisted in midair to avoid a series of birch trees, and gambled on trying to make Amy lose her temper long enough to shake free from her grip. "Oh, don't worry, lovebird, you're skinny as a rail! Most men *do* prefer a gal with curves, but who knows? Maybe Sonic's an exception!"

Furious, Amy fixed her grip around Rouge's ankles and snapped the Piko Hammer forward, slapping the Chaos Emerald free from Rouge's grip.

By now, Rouge's flight had angled so sharply, they were heading straight back towards Cream and Gemerl. Mad with greed, Rouge dove downward for the gem blindly, her stomach smacking against a tree branch, knocking the wind out of her. The force of the sudden stop carried Amy forward along an arc that sent her spiraling forward and upside-down.

Gemerl blinked his eyes, and the spinning wheels vanished as his system reset. Instantly, he thrust upward and towards the spiraling gem in mid-air, only for Amy to snatch it from his fingers as she flew through the air.

Wailing, Amy was momentarily oblivious of the prize she held, until a sparkle caught her eye. For a blessed moment, she held the gem and imagined Sonic kneeling to place a 3,000 karat engagement ring on her finger.

Then she smacked flat into a tree trunk and the emerald went flying behind her. By this point, Rouge had caught her breath, and dove down to skim along the grass and intercept the gem before it landed. “Not! One! Scratch! On! My! Emerald!”

Unable to feel pain, Gemerl thrust himself after the gem, letting Rouge smack against him, hoping to knock her out of the sky and bring the fight to a quick resolution without hurting Cream’s friends further. Unfortunately, his computations underestimated Rouge’s tenacity to possess the precious jewel. With a well-practiced flying judo maneuver, she caught the gem and rolled over the robot, sending him flat on his back with enough force to leave an impression in the soft ground. Mechanically, Gemerl shot a blast through his arm cannon that sent the indestructible emerald flying into the air once again, clearing the canopy above and heading towards the nearby village.

With a hiss, Gemerl grasped his arm in an all-too-human gesture, as though he could feel pain after all. “No! Must…resist urge to terminate Cream’s friends! Override Command: Big Brother!”

With a dense “Thwoom!” Gemerl’s arm cannons disconnected and flew away from his body, leaving him (figuratively and literally) disarmed. With a mechanical chirp that sounded oddly like a human groan of exhaustion, Gemerl collapsed backwards

Rouge lifted a boot that could have impaled even the robot’s steel armor, before hesitating. Whether it was pity at the sight of the robot’s heroic struggle, or a refusal to let anything distract her from the gem, only Rouge knew. Instead of attacking her downed opponent, she leapt lightly up and away from the robot. The emerald seemed to hang in midair, before slowly descending towards the central square in Floral Forest village.

Ignoring the stunned bystanders, Rouge swooped past them, grinning wickedly, the sparkle of the gem reflecting in her eyes and on her pointed bat teeth.

All the jewels in the world belonged to her!

Then, something slammed into the ground directly in front of her, with a resounding, “PIKO!”

Rouge’s face smacked directly against Amy’s Piko Hammer. For such a heavy weapon, it was surprisingly soft, the energy of the hammer producing a crackle of heart-shaped energy

that could send Amy's opponents flying without serious injury. Amy Rose *did* fight with the power of love, after all!

Using the handle of the hammer like a pole vault, Amy thrust into the air, to catch the gem that would crown her wedding ring. She had won! This was an omen! She and Sonic would get married, and have seven children!

With a clink, the gem froze in mid-air, and Amy's leap carried her forward and into a face-plant. Cream the Rabbit was fluttering above her holding the chaos emerald, thanks to the power granted by her rabbit ears to defy the laws of gravity. "Amy Rose! Miss Rouge! That's enough! This Chaos Emerald doesn't belong to you!"

Picking herself up, Amy suddenly felt stupid. Everything had been happening so fast, she'd forgotten how foolish she must look to Cream, who she regarded as both a friend and unofficial little sister.

Before Amy could apologize, Rouge interrupted. "That's right! It doesn't belong to you! It belongs to me!"

Amy and Cream didn't recognize the sound of the voice until they turned to look. Rouge was so furious, she had lost all the femme-fatalle sultriness that usually marked her attitude. Her chest heaving for air, the immodest bat pulled something from her low-cut top so furiously, her breasts jiggled. Unaware of the mothers rushing to cover the eyes of their children, Rouge smugly flipped open the wallet to display a badge. "I'm an official agent of the Guardian Units of Nations, and I'm here to collect the Chaos Emerald!"

Amy gripped her Piko Hammer so tightly, the fabric of her gloves creaked. "Those clowns have no control over the Chaos Emeralds! Besides, I need it for Sonic!"

Rouge cocked an eyebrow. "Oh? And I suppose Sonic sent you to collect them all for some important mission? We all know how much he *hates* having to go on adventures and save the world himself!"

Amy choked. "Well…not exactly! But it *is* really important, and it *is* for Sonic!"

By this point, Cream, Cheese, and the local children and families had all gathered around to watch this dramatic turn of events. Nothing this exciting ever happened in cozy, folksy, Floral Forest Village. Cream settled down on the ground next to Gemerl. Although the robot seemed to have recovered from his ordeal, the dings and scratches in his metal body gave the impression that he was a bit rattled.

With a smirk, Rouge deftly tucked the wallet back into place between her cleavage, before producing a surprisingly large briefcase which had also been perfectly concealed in the same hiding place. With a flick, the briefcase opened to reveal three chaos emeralds. Her temper cooling, Rouge regained her smooth, teasing tone of voice. “Well, in that case, I’ll bring it straight to Sonic for you!”

Amy’s eyes widened at the sight of the gems, imagining which color would look best on her ring finger. “That’s not fair! Why do you get three? I only need one!”

Cream looked at Amy with hurt in her eyes, but also with a hint of curiosity. “But, Amy, I thought you were bringing all the emeralds to Mr. Sonic? Why would you only need one?”

The crowd gasped, and Amy suddenly became aware that she and Rouge had an audience. Rouge gestured to the onlookers as if to say, “See?”

Aware just how stupid “Operation Get Sonic To Marry Me” would sound if she was questioned any further, Amy felt her cheeks flush. “Hold on! If you’re collecting the Chaos Emeralds for G.U.N., why are you willing to take them to Sonic? The government hates how Sonic shows them up all the time!”

Rouge’s eyes went wide. “I was just collecting them…for research!”

Her brow knitting, Cream blurted out, “What kind of research?”

Then Cream covered her mouth, horrified by her own rudeness, before raising her hand politely. “Oops! I’m sorry! Excuse me, Miss Rouge, what kind of research?”

A sweat bead trickled down Rouge’s forehead, landing squarely atop her quivering intermammary cleft. “That’s…classified! Need-to-know basis only! Of course, I have no problem sharing my gems with Sonic if he needs them to save the earth.”

Amy fixed Rouge with what she hoped was her fiercest girlboss face. “What do you mean, *my* gems?”

The crowd looked to Rouge expectantly. A local food-truck vendor called out, “Popcorn! Get your popcorn here!”

Clearing her throat, Rouge stuffed the briefcase back into place between her breasts. With a single jiggle, it vanished completely! “That was a figure of speech! Look, little girl! It’s pretty obvious you’re after ‘just one’ Chaos Emerald for some personal reason. Go on, do tell!”

Amy refused to take the bait. “Little girl? You’re barely any older than me!”

“Ooo! Now it’s getting personal!” whispered an elderly onlooker.

A couple of pre-teen boys started quietly chanting, “Cat! Fight! Cat! Fight!” their eyes filled with hope.

Rouge examined her nails. “I’m nineteen years old, so I’m the only legal adult here!”

A little red-tailed squirrel in a hoop skirt pointed at Rouge and whispered to her mother quizzically. “Mom? Is it okay for me to dress like her when I turn nineteen?”

“Not unless you want a spanking when you turn nineteen, dear,” answered her mother, neutrally.

The young squirrel nodded. “Oh! Okay. In that case I don’t wanna.”

Ignoring the crowd, Amy scrambled to find a retort, hoping to get Rouge to slip up again. “Well, I’m sixteen years old! See? You’re barely older than me!”

Rouge sighed dramatically. “Didn’t you use a magic ring to wish to be a teenager when you were 8-years-old or something? C’mon, girl to girl, what’s your real age? Twelve years old?”

Amy blushed. “That’s not how it happened! I mean…yeah, sorta, but we found a way to undo that!”

Rouge rested her chin on the back of her hand coyly. “Oh! So you admit you used a magic ring to turn yourself into a teenager because you were obsessed with getting Sonic to notice you? And I’m supposed to trust you with a Chaos Emerald?”

“Wait, did that really happen?” asked a young chipmunk wearing a t-shirt emblazoned with the words “Sonic Fan Club.”

“Sigh. It’s a long story, sonny,” answered his uncle, putting away his Archie comic book.

Her temper rising, Amy ignored the growing whispers of the crowd. “Oh! That does it!” She slammed the Piko Hammer into the ground with enough force to send rattling tremors through the ground that caught everyone off guard.

Everyone except Rouge. The bat skipped lightly into the air and floated back down to avoid the earth-trembling blow. “If you’re that set on embarrassing yourself in public, I suppose I can give you the spanking you have coming, little missy!”

Amy twirled the Piko Hammer lightly in her hands. “Well, I’m the only one who brought a paddle!”

As Amy and Rouge’s eyes locked, it was as if a bolt of lightning snapped between them.

The two pre-teen boys’ chants of “Cat! Fight! Cat! Fight!” were now reaching a crescendo.

Cream surreptitiously hid the Chaos Emerald in her picnic basket, before politely raising her hand again. “Excuse me, Amy? Miss Rouge? Please don’t fight again! We can solve our problems with words, not fists!”

Alas, too late!

Amy and Rouge didn’t intend to use their fists. Amy slammed her Piko Hammer into the ground again, using the impact to launch herself forward for a mid-air charge. Rouge the Bat performed an elegant pirouette that transformed into a diving kick with her unbroken stiletto heel. Time seemed to slow to a standstill as the two mortal foes dove towards each other like two samurai. Just before Rouge’s heel impacted against the surface of the Piko

Hammer, the entire crowd shielded their eyes and turned away, readying themselves for a blinding light, followed by a deafening explosion! In an instant, it would all be over!

But neither light nor explosion came.

"Amy Rose! Rouge the Bat! That's enough!" Vanilla the Rabbit, Cream's mother, intercepted them both, pinching Amy's hammer in one hand, Rouge's unbroken high heel in her other. Amy and Rouge froze in mid-air, until they became aware of the existence of gravity, and finally snapped to attention back on the ground.

Vanilla stood with her hands on her hips, a frown etched upon her face. "Look at the mess you've made," she scolded in a no-nonsense tone, gesturing to the disarray around them.

As the de-facto matriarch of Floral Forest Village, Vanilla had an imposing presence, over a head taller than both girls. "You've set a terrible example for the little ones."

At the thought of Cream witnessing this, Amy hung her head like a scolded child, but Rouge folded her arms across her chest, before starting to flutter her wings to lift off. "Wow! That's a lot of damage! Well, Amy, since your hammer did all this, I suppose I'll just leave you to–"

"Oh, no you don't, you brazen little strumpet! You're both coming with me!" snapped Vanilla, pinning Rouge firmly by the ear before she could escape.

Amy opened her mouth to offer explanations, apologies, excuses, but the words died on her lips as she felt Vanilla pinch her ear as well. Already, Amy recognized that dangerous quality in Vanilla's voice, the kind that would brook no argument. Amy had heard it before.

Rouge dropped straight back to earth, grasping at Vanilla's wrist in a desperate attempt to relieve the pressure on her ear. "Ow! Hey, watch it, lady! I'm a federal agent!"

Vanilla narrowed her eyes as she examined Rouge's outfit. "Oh? And I suppose the government is using my tax dollars to hire strippers to vandalize the town square now? So, what else is new!"

"Yowch! I'm not a stripper! This is stealth gear! And it was Little Miss Bubble Gum here who put craters in your sidewalk, not me!"

Amy felt Vanilla release the grasp on her ear and point toward Gemerl, who was covered in dings from the recent scuffle. “Did you do that to poor Gemerl?”

Rouge’s eyes darted to Gemerl nervously, before she looked back to Vanilla to protest. “Huh? Oh, c’mon! I thought he was a badnik! Yikes!” Rouge’s shoulders hunched as she felt Vanilla tightened the delicate pinch.

Vanilla lifted Rouge’s ear up, oh so slightly, so that their eyes met, before gently taking hold of Amy’s ear again and frog-marching them both toward her cottage. “Don’t you, ‘Oh, c’mon!’ me, Little Miss My Tax Dollars at Work. It was a simple question. You can answer with a simple ‘Yes, Ma’am!’ or ‘No, Ma’am!’”

Rouge hooted as she hobbled forward on tip-toe, still shaky thanks to her missing high heel. “Ouchie! Okay, okay! Yes! …Yes, ma’am! But–Yeee!”

Vanilla quickened the pace of the march. “I don’t want to hear any ‘buts’! Now, you march, Little Miss I’m From the Government And I’m Here to Help!”

Gemerl raised his hand politely. “Excuse me, Mrs. Vanilla, but my damage is only superficial, and did indeed result from a mutual misunderstanding. I share the blame.”

Instantly, Vanilla’s stern gaze melted to a warm smile as she paused the death march. “Thank you, Gemerl. I’ll take that into consideration.”

Rouge tried to nod, but the pinch on her ear prevented her from lowering her head so much as an inch. “There! See? All a simple misunderstanding! But it was Amy who–”

At the mention of the word ‘but,’ Rouge’s protests were silenced by a single gentle twist to the ear that sent the bat standing on one foot and tapping the toe of her broken-heeled boot. Vanilla stood regally, enjoying the spectacle, before answering. “Oh, don’t worry, Miss *Rogue*. I’ll have words with Amy soon enough.”

Amy winced as Vanilla fixed her with a stern look, but not because of any pain in her ear.

The hot temper in Vanilla's voice faded to cold disappointment. "Miss Rose, I expected better of you."

Amy shivered under Vanilla's icy stare, before it was replaced by a fresh fire in the mother's eyes. Amy followed Vanilla's gaze ahead to see where she was leading them. Looming ahead of them was Vanilla and Cream's cozy cottage, and next to it, a quaint wooden shed.

Amy and Cream had been friends for years, sharing birthdays and sleepovers. Everyone knew Cream as the most polite, delightful little girl they had ever met. Amy agreed with the sentiment, but she was one of the few people outside the Rabbit family who knew the reason. Of course, Cream the Rabbit was so polite because Vanilla the Rabbit was both a loving mother and a firm disciplinarian.

On more than one occasion, Amy Rose had misbehaved while Vanilla was responsible for her, on behalf of Mr. and Mrs. Rose. On more than one occasion, Vanilla had escorted Amy to that same woodshed, with the approval of Mr. and Mrs. Rose.

At the sight of the woodshed, Cream piped up, "Excuse me, Mom? Are you going to spank them?"

"Well, Cream, dear, that depends on what they did, and whether they tell me the truth," Vanilla replied, her voice firm. "First, I'm going to get to the bottom of things. And if they need a spanking…well, I'll get to the bottom of things!"

Amy quailed. She'd known this was coming, but hearing it said out loud was like a death sentence. Just hearing the word "spanking" all by itself was enough to put Amy into a state of complete surrender. Her face flushed with embarrassment, Amy closed her eyes, already feeling tears. "I'm so sorry, Mrs. Vanilla! You don't have to spank us! I promise not to fight Rouge any more!"

At the mention of spanking, Rouge's eyes widened with disbelief, and the struggle to free her ear became more desperate, but no less futile. "Hold on! Is this a joke? I'm too old for a spanking!"

"Too old, Miss Rouge the Bat? Well, as long as you insist on acting like Miss Rouge the *Brat*, my opinion is that you'll never be too old for a good spanking!"

Rouge stammered. "But…I have rights! I'm innocent until proven guilty! I work for the President, dammit!"

Cream, Cheese, and Amy all winced at the sound of the curse word, remembering all the times Vanilla had washed their mouths out with soap for swearing.

For the moment, Vanilla chose to ignore Rogue's potty mouth. "Indeed you do have rights! So, once we talk to the police, I'd advise you to ask for a lawyer and exercise your right to remain silent!"

Rouge rolled her eyes and blew a raspberry. (*"Whoa! Two more spanking offenses!"* thought Cream and Cheese and Amy simultaneously.) "What, you gonna have the local sheriff toss me in the clink? C'mon! I work for the Pres–"

"Yes, dear. I know you work for the President," Vanilla interrupted. "We'll come to that matter soon."

Cream marveled at her mother's calm self-control, as if Rogue was a toddler fussing over not wanting to eat her vegetables.

Vanilla continued her explanation. "But in the first place, Floral Forest Village has no jail, because usually there's no need for one here. On the exceedingly rare occasion some trouble-maker comes to town, Sheriff Tom has to escort them all the way to Central City for booking. Given that it's impractical to have every misbehaving child arrested and locked up, I tend to favor less extreme methods, like timeouts, or spankings. You'll have to forgive me, Miss Rouge! Given that you were rough-housing with Miss Rose, I assumed I was dealing with two naughty little girls who needed a lesson in manners."

Vanilla turned her attention from Rouge to Amy. "Thankfully, no one was hurt in the explosions you caused, though there was some property damage. You see, Amy's parents and I are kindred spirits on matters of child rearing. In fact, I think of Amy as the second daughter I never had!"

Amy's heart sank at the thought of how her actions could have endangered others, then fluttered at being called Vanilla's second daughter. It was a different kind of love than she felt in the presence of her one true love, Sonic the Hedgehog, but no less profound.

Vanilla released her grasp on Rouge's ear, but not Amy's, allowing Rouge a moment to rub her ear and consider her predicament. "Of course, Miss Rouge, if you are too old for a spanking, then I suppose we'll have to bother Sheriff Tom. I'm sure if you call up The President, he'll vouch for you."

Rouge stiffened. She was free. She could fly away right now. But no one at G.U.N. had actually authorized her to collect the Chaos Emeralds. Flashing her badge was usually enough to satisfy rural sheriffs and beat cops, but a police report would mean a lot of annoying paperwork, and possibly some uncomfortable questions from HQ. Agent Topaz was going to bust Rouge's chops for this. Her best bet was to pour the charm on Sheriff Tom.

Rouge put her trust in her tried and true sassiness. "So be it! Call up Sheriff Tom. What kind of doughnuts does he like? The agency can send him a box to apologize for you wasting his time with–"

With a flourish, Vanilla produced a phone from her pocket. "Oh! No need for that! We can just call up the President!"

Rouge pursed her lips, still amused, but also hiding her nerves. "I can't bother the President with something so trivial! I'll just–"

Vanilla pressed a button on her speed dial. "Hello? Mr. President? This is Vanilla the Rabbit. Thank you for taking my call! …Oh! You're too kind! Say, You know the Chaos Emerald you asked me to protect? Well, some lady's here causing a ruckus about it. She says she's an agent of G.U.N., flashing a badge, claims she works for you? Do you know a Miss Rouge the Bat? …Yes! Dressed like that, I'm afraid. I certainly hope that's not the standard uniform for all your female agents! …Of course, I'll put you on speaker."

With a blip, the President's bright pink face appeared on Vanilla's phone, his toupee flapping dangerously. "Agent Rouge? What are you doing there? Your last report said you were scouting Dr. Eggman's—"

Vanilla didn't take her eyes off of Rouge as she interrupted. "Careful, Mr. President! That's classified!"

"Oh! Of course, Mrs. Vanilla! Thank you for reminding me, ma'am! Ahem! Agent Rouge! You better not be causing trouble for Mrs. Vanilla!"

Amy pressed her lips together, desperately holding back a fit of giggles. The look on Rouge's face was priceless!

Although Cream had released her, Rouge felt as if she was locked in a cell already. "But…I finished my mission and filed my report. I was just making a quick detour to locate the Chaos–"

“For the last time! We’re not interested in collecting the Chaos Emeralds any more! If you want to poke around for the missing ones on your own time, so be it, but gathering them all is just asking for trouble from Dr. Eggman! And for Pete’s sake, don’t bother Mrs. Vanilla about your little jewelry collection mania! I’ll have you busted down to checking parking meters if you’ve–”

Vanilla smiled wanly. “Careful, Mr. President. Remember your blood pressure.”

“Oh! Thank you, Mrs. Vanilla! I’m so sorry! Please allow me to send someone to set Rouge straight for you. I’ll have a full investigation! Heads will roll!”

“Thank you, Mr. President, but it’s really no trouble at all. I’m sure Rouge and I will be able to come to an understanding. In fact, if you don’t mind, I might ask her to do a little community service while she’s here. Help get things cleaned up around town.”

“Hmm? Well, if it’s really no trouble…by all means! Agent Rouge is all yours, Mrs. Vanilla. Though, do tell me if she makes any more fuss about your Chaos Emerald!”

Vanilla nodded cheerfully, before turning the screen to face herself again. “I’m sure she won’t, Mr. President. Say, before I forget, how is the progress coming on your proposal to reduce Federal deficit spending this year?”

Now it was the President’s turn to look nervous. “Oh! I’m working tirelessly on it! I promise you we’re going to get the National Debt under control!”

Vanilla’s eyes were like cold steel. “That’s good to hear, Mr. President. You know how important this issue is for the sake of the next generation. Please continue to give the matter your full attention.”

The President wiped the sweat from his brow. “Yes, Ma’am!”

With a perfectly polite goodbye, Vanilla hung up on the President. “Well, Miss Rouge, what’ll it be? You can come along with me and Amy to discuss your behavior, or would you prefer to have Sheriff Tom read you your Miranda rights?”

Rouge felt sweat trickle down her bare shoulders. “Wuh…what’s community service?”

“It means you’ll stay under my roof for a few nights, a week at most, along with Amy, until you girls have made amends for the trouble you caused. And then, we’ll forgive and forget.”

“Instead of the spanking–I mean, instead of the police? How do I know you won’t just have me arrested anyway after you’re done toying with me?”

Feeling her blood boil, Amy couldn't contain her composure a moment longer. "Mrs. Vanilla would never do that! She's always fair!"

Amy shuddered as Vanilla turned her gaze on her, but Vanilla's eyes were kindly. "Thank you, Amy, but please don't interrupt."

Amy swallowed as she felt Vanilla's fingers press into her ear. "Yes, ma'am!"

Vanilla returned her attention to the trembling figure of Rouge the Bat. "I'll answer your second question first, Rouge. Yes, instead of the police. After community service, the matter is settled. You have my word as a mother. It's how I'd handle my own daughter, or Amy, or any youngster who is mature enough to learn from their mistakes. But community service is most certainly *not* instead of a spanking. Frankly, you've got at least one good spanking coming to you today already. Of course, you can most certainly expect another spanking any time, and every time, you misbehave while staying under my roof, and additional punishment if I simply deem it necessary to help the lesson sink in properly. After a week, at most, I'll consider your debt to society paid in full, and you're free to go. We'll consider the matter settled. If I can get you straightened out in less than a week, and the damage you've caused is repaired quickly, you'll of course be free to go early. Think of it as time off for good behavior. But it's no good treating you like I'd treat my own daughter unless you agree to accept discipline."

Rouge trembled, barely catching herself from repeating the forbidden word "but."
"B-Buh…I'm the world's greatest…I mean, I haven't been spanked since I was…since I was a little…" Rouge's eyes were downcast. "...okay…"

"Okay, what? Speak clearly."

"I mean, yes! I accept your terms, Vanilla!"

"You may address me as either Mrs. Vanilla, or ma'am. Please respond with a simple 'Yes, ma'am,' or 'No, ma'am' when I ask a simple yes or no question. Do you understand, Miss Rouge?"

Rouge nodded, all traces of sass gone from her demeanor. "Yes, Mrs. Vanilla!"

Slowly, submissively, Rouge allowed Vanilla to take hold of her ear again. Rouge realized that she was now a prisoner, yet strangely, she also felt a deep sense of trust and liberation. Rouge knew that whatever punishment she was about to face, she herself had just made the choice to face it.

Satisfied, Vanilla looked to Amy, who stiffened. Now it was the pink hedgehog's turn for Vanilla's interrogation. "Amy, earlier you said that you wouldn't fight Rouge anymore and I didn't have to spank you. I'm glad you want to do better, but I'm afraid I still have to spank you. You know your parents have given me permission to do so for far less than what you did today. Do you agree?"

Amy sniffled. "Yes, ma'am."

Behind them, Cream and Cheese wiped their eyes. Finally, Cream wept openly. "I'm sorry you've got to get spanked, Amy!"

"What? You're not sorry about me getting spanked?" scoffed Rouge, before she bit her tongue.

Vanilla tactfully ignored Rouge's remark, knowing she'd have to pick her battles carefully with the willful wench. "They'll be fine, Cream. You and Cheese go home and set the table for lunch. Then put fresh sheets on the twin beds in your room for Miss Rose and Miss Rouge. Cheese and Chocola can sleep in the old crib while our guests are with us."

Cream answered with her customary politeness, and flew to obey.

Vanilla escorted her two charges to the door of her sizable woodshed. Remembering Rouge's earlier smart-aleck remark, Vanilla decided to address the bratty bat. "Miss Rouge, please open the door for me."

Rouge pouted, deliberately hesitating for three whole seconds before reaching for the handle. "Yes, ma'am."

[End of Chapter 1]

Red Rears for Rose and Rouge:
Chapter 2: A Contest of Wills
By Yu May

Rouge's espionage training had taught her to pay attention to her surroundings and draw conclusions. She observed quite a few interesting details inside Mrs. Vanilla's woodshed. In the first place, it was large, almost the size of a ranch home all by itself, and had clearly been used for extensive wood work at one point. Above an antique workbench in the corner hung a framed picture of a family of three rabbits. A younger Vanilla was holding an infant Cream. The other was presumably Cream's father. A marvelous wooden marionette sat on the workbench, half painted.

However, apart from the workbench and a few small pieces of furniture, the woodshed was otherwise sparse. Then, Rouge gulped at the sight of the racks of implements hanging the walls, a wooden paddle, a cane, a leather strap. Rouge guessed that the woodshed had once been a carpenter's workshop, until Vanilla had converted it into a dedicated space for punishing juvenile delinquents sentenced to "community service."

Amy knew from experience what Rouge only guessed at. The workbench had once belonged to Vanilla's husband. After he had passed away, Vanilla had sold or donated most of the woodworking equipment, with the exception of his prized workbench and whittling tools, which she left untouched, except for keeping it dusted.

But Vanilla was a practical rabbit, and believed in putting useful things to use. The spanking implements, (some inherited from their parents and grandparents), and the shed itself were never allowed to gather cobwebs. Every parent in Floral Forest Village had Vanilla's permission to make use of the woodshed, and took advantage of the privilege, to the point that Vanilla had hung a clipboard so that parents could reserve slots in advance.

After Vanilla released her hold on Amy and Rouge's ears, she snatched up the clipboard and pinned a "Do Not Disturb" sign to it, before hanging it outside the door. Amy shuffled her feet, wondering just how long Vanilla planned to keep them here. Rouge, on the other hand, was so fixated by the wall of spanking implements, she failed to notice anything, until Vanilla placed a straight-backed wooden chair smack in the center of the room.

Vanilla took a deep breath, her hand resting on the back of the decorative chair rest. "All right, girls, I want to hear what you have to say for yourselves. Amy, why don't you start?"

Rouge barely stopped herself from covering her bottom with her trembling hands, opting instead to clench her fists at either side of her hips.

Amy swallowed a lump in her throat. Before Amy could speak up, Rouge interjected, "What's the point? Haven't you already decided to spank us, no matter what we say?"

Vanilla took a calming breath. “Miss Rouge, I asked Amy first, so please give her a chance to speak without interruption. I promise I’ll give you my full attention in a moment. In future, if you have an urgent question, please say, ‘Excuse me,’ rather than simply–”

“It’s a fair question, isn’t it? What’s the point of dragging this out? To torture us?” Rouge barked.

Amy was stunned by Rouge’s lack of manners. Years ago, Amy had learned the hard way that you always spoke politely in Vanilla’s house, especially when it was time for a spanking.

Vanilla folded her hands neatly on her lap. “Would you like me to spank you right now, Miss Rouge?”

Although Vanilla’s voice contained no hint of anger, Rouge still sensed something that gave her pause. Rouge had already mentally accepted that she was going to get a spanking, but her heart was a tangle of conflicting passions. *“Just because I’m going to get spanked, doesn’t mean I have to pretend to like it!”* Rouge thought privately.

Out loud, Rouge answered, “No, Ma’am!” in a resentful tone of voice.

Vanilla nodded, accepting the polite words, and ignoring the rudeness hidden behind them. “Very good, Miss Rouge. In that case, I will answer your question. Based on what we’ve already discussed, we’ve established that you misrepresented your purpose in Floral Forest Village. Even if you hadn’t fibbed about your ‘mission from the President,’ your behavior in the town square would still have been a disgrace. If I catch a naughty child with her hand in the cookie jar, I can usually guess correctly that she’ll need a spanking. On the other hand, I believe in the presumption of innocence. This may not be a trial, but you deserve a chance to explain yourself.”

Amy trembled, hoping beyond hope that she might be spared a spanking today.

Rouge felt her temper cool down as she heard this explanation. She winced at being compared to a toddler, but began to wonder if she might be able to fast-talk her way out of this situation after all. Rouge tried to remember something, anything, from her espionage training that could apply now. Unfortunately, the topic of: “how to negotiate your way out of a spanking when you know full well you have it coming,” had never come up.

Vanilla paused to wait for a reply, only to watch Rouge squirm under her gaze. With a warm smile, Vanilla turned her attention back to Amy. “Now, Amy, dear, why not begin at the beginning? Tell me everything, please.”

Before Amy opened her mouth, she knew her own words would condemn her. But Amy’s fear of the inevitable spanking melted in a desire to pour her heart out to Mrs. Vanilla. Amy rambled about her insane plan to find a chaos emerald, starting with a full confession of her mad scheme

to win Sonic's hand in marriage. Amy blushed as she heard Rouge barely hide her teasing snicker behind a pretend sneeze at the mention of the phrase "Operation: Get Sonic to Marry Me."

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The two pre-teen boys who had hoped to see a cat fight between Amy and Rouge, only for their hopes to be dashed, had been hanging out nonchalantly by the fence which marked Vanilla the Rabbit's property. One was a quokka with muted, red violet fur, the second was a fox with fur the color of a blood orange. Both had the kind of unremarkable face that could easily be mistaken for anyone.

They couldn't help but notice when Vanilla opened the door to hang a "Do Not Disturb" sign.

The young quokka cocked an eyebrow. "Well, that's mighty interesting!"

"We better make tracks, Barry," mused the fox.

Barry the Quokka rolled his eyes. "C'mon, Buddy! How many times have your parents hauled you to Vanilla's woodshed over the years? It's practically public property!"

"Buddy" the Fox drummed his fingers to hide his nerves. "I told you, I want my nickname to be 'Rookie!' Anyway, Vanilla just hung the 'Do Not Disturb' sign."

Barry flashed a dazzlingly white, toothy grin. "Then we'd better not disturb her!"

As they casually approached the woodshed, they found the cracks at the sides of the door were just wide enough for them to peek through without announcing their presence. A beautiful, hollow carving of a star in the door above their heads allowed them to hear everything perfectly.

"What are you two doing here? Are you in trouble?" chirped a high-pitched voice behind them.

Buddy and Barry clenched their teeth to hide their screams, and turned to find their neighbor, Honey the Squirrel, the same girl who had found Rouge's taste in clothing so interesting.

"Honey? Scram! Beat it, kid!" hissed Barry.

"Please don't rat us out!" whimpered Buddy.

Honey smiled adorably. "How about we skip the threats and arguments and get to the part where you two make room and let me watch too?"

***

Vanilla listened attentively, asking both Amy and Rouge probing questions until she had a full grasp of both sides of their story. When Amy mentioned how Rouge had stood between her and Gemerl's cannons, Vanilla glanced at Rouge with a small smile. Unbeknownst to Rouge and Amy, Vanilla was sympathetic, even impressed by their sheer pluck and daring, but Vanilla was careful to maintain her poker face.

Finally, when they reached the point where Amy had used the Piko Hammer to smash Rouge's face and pole vault after the Chaos Emerald intended for her engagement ring, Vanilla sighed and rubbed her temples. "Amy, dear, I think your admiration for Sonic is sweet, but you can't use your feelings as an excuse to act like a fool. You can't force love."

Rouge smirked, gesturing to her breasts delicately. "Yeah, men can't stand a girl who tries to smother them. If you want to trap a man, you've got to let him think he's the one chasing after you. Act *less* interested. They love that. It makes you mysterious!"

Vanilla's ears twitched. "Please don't interrupt, Miss Rouge. I've already warned you once!"

It wasn't that Vanilla disagreed with Rouge, but as a mother, Vanilla was worried what disaster could unfold if Amy started taking lessons in the art of seduction from the voluptuous vampire bat. "All right, I've heard you both out. While I understand that the fight began as a simple misunderstanding, none of that excuses you for attacking Gemerl *after* he had offered a peace. All the damage to town property, and the risk to the families here, was a direct result of the choice you both made to attack him. You're both very lucky that Gemerl showed such remarkable restraint. You didn't just endanger my family and neighbors, you endangered yourselves!"

Amy and Rouge both flinched, glancing at each other sheepishly. They'd been embarrassed before, but at the thought of the danger they'd caused, both felt a fresh wave of shame, crashing down on top of the humiliation.

Vanilla gestured to the corner of the shed. "Miss Rouge, please, go stand in the corner while I deal with Amy first. I want you to watch how she behaves during a spanking and pay attention."

Amy felt a tingle travel up the small of her back at the mention of the spanking. So, this was it. She'd known it was coming all along, and now it was here.

However silly it had been to hope that Vanilla would spare their backsides, that small hope had been a small comfort.

When that hope died, Amy was prepared, but Rouge was not.

Rouge felt the blood rush to her cheeks. "Stand in the corner? Like I'm a kid in timeout? Ugh! I knew this whole spiel about hearing us out was just a game to drag this–"

The bat lost her voice as she saw Vanilla gracefully stand up to tower above her. “Yes, Miss Rouge. I’m putting you in timeout. And when I call you out of the corner, it will be your turn for a spanking. I don’t want to ‘drag this out’ a moment longer than I have to. So if *you* don’t want to ‘drag this out,’ I suggest you obey, now. Because I will punish you as long as necessary to correct your behavior. Now, you march right to the corner, and not one more word from you!”

Rouge dug in her heels, before remembering her broken high heel was still missing, and wobbled awkwardly, before fixing Vanilla with a defiant stare. “But! …Whoops! But, I–”

Vanilla’s motherly reflexes were quicker than Rouge’s ninja reflexes. Taking Rouge firmly by the wrist in a single smooth motion, Vanilla sat back down in her high-backed chair, so that Rouge half-stumbled across the maternal lap, right into spanking position.

Without further delay, Vanilla began to spank Rouge, delivering a flurry of rapid-fire spanks that left the bat gasping and struggling in her grasp. Instantly, Rouge thrust her right hand behind her back to shield her bottom, her left hand scrambling wildly at the back of the chair. “Dammit! That hurts!”

Amy was stunned. She was used to seeing Vanilla calmly and politely invite her or Cream to lie across her knee when it was time to start. Amy had never dared to resist a spanking the way Rouge was now.

Catching Amy’s look of terror, Vanilla willed herself to remain composed, silently cursing herself for starting the punishment so awkwardly. Vanilla had made up her mind that Rouge was not all bad, but the bat certainly needed a lesson in manners. Vanilla was determined to regain control of Rouge, and that meant controlling her own annoyance *at* Rouge.

Adjusting her grip on Rouge’s waist to hold her firmly in place, Vanilla slowed the pace of the spanking, but didn’t stop, letting the sound of the spanks echo through the woodshed, punctuated by Rouge's howls of pain and protest as she failed to block a single swat with her free hand.

Ignoring Rouge’s hand, Vanilla slowed the tempo of the spanking even further, aiming a new spank wherever Rouge wasn’t blocking, and allowing Rouge to blindly block the new spot, only to aim another spank at the old spot.

Vanilla wanted Rouge to obey of her own choice, if possible. By slowing down the pace, Vanilla had given Rouge time to figure out that her resistance was futile. Vanilla pretended to finally notice Rouge’s hand for the first time. “Hands down, Rouge. You should grip the legs of the chair to support your weight.”

“No!” spat Rouge. Vanilla shrugged and continued to deliver spanks to unpredictable spots on Rouge’s spandex clad bum. With a roar, Rouge twisted, and wobbled dangerously. But for the fact that Vanilla was holding her waist firmly in place, Rouge would have face planted on the

wooden floor. With a frustrated growl, Rouge grasped the legs of the chair to support herself, but not out of a desire to obey. Reflexively, she kicked up her legs to shield her behind.

Vanilla calmly began to remove Rouge's boots, as if this had been her plan all along. "Ah, yes, thank you, Miss Rouge. I should have had these off much earlier! You won't be able to stand in the corner for long with a broken high heel!"

Rouge felt her toes wriggle free of her once proud white boots, leaving her in only black stockings. "Don't!!!"

"Please put your legs down, Miss Rouge."

Rouge gripped the legs of the chair so tightly, she felt the wood grain press into the skin of her palms. "Dammit!"

Casually, Vanilla guided Rouge's legs away from her backside, and adjusted the bat's position over her lap, so that her legs dangled down to the ground.

Vanilla wished she wasn't wearing her long dress, so that she could hook Rouge's legs in place, but she also knew that gravity was her ally. Sooner or later, Rouge would mentally accept that she couldn't hold her legs up forever.

"Miss Rouge, I hope your parents didn't raise you to use naughty words. Whatever the case, as long as you are under my authority, you will make an effort to refrain from using either foul or profane language."

"F**k you, ya' long-eared, buck-toothed b***h!" Rouge roared.

Fortunately, the network censor caught it and added bleeps before any impressionable children could hear. Amy was frozen like a deer in headlights, until Vanilla caught her eye. "Amy, be a dear and fetch me a bar of Ivory soap. You'll find a fresh one in the cabinet under the kitchen sink."

***

"Incoming!" whispered Buddy the Fox. The three Peeping Toms scrambled around the side of the woodshed, barely escaping detection as Amy burst out the door, before remembering to close it softly behind her. Long ago, Amy had learned the hard way you don't slam doors around Vanilla.

As they watched Amy make her way towards Vanilla and Cream's cottage, Barry, Buddy, and Honey considered their situation.

Barry thought out loud. "Maybe this was a bad idea after all?"

“Have some balls!” hissed Honey the Squirrel. Ordinarily, she would never dare to use such a phrase, which would easily have earned her a trip to Vanilla’s woodshed if Mrs. Squirrel had heard it. But the thrill of being bad for once was intoxicating. The boys silently nodded. Not daring to approach the door, they waited for Rose to return, and contented themselves with listening in as Vanilla began to spank Rouge again. It was lucky the window muffled the sound slightly, or the three miscreants would have heard Rouge shouting every profanity that exists in English, French, and Spanish.

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Having finished setting the table, Cream and Cheese the Chao sat obediently on the living room sofa, reading Little Golden Books in a vain attempt to distract themselves from the knowledge that either Miss Amy or Miss Rouge were most likely being spanked at that very moment.

Cream and Cheese’s books flew in the air as Amy appeared at the front door, marching stiffly toward the kitchen, just like a soldier, except that she covered her bottom with both hands.

Cream peeked from behind the arm of the sofa. “Amy? Did Mom finish your spanking already?”

Amy felt a bead of sweat trickle down her forehead as she searched for the dreaded soap bar. “No! She hasn’t even started!”

A question mark appeared over Cheese’s head. “Chao? Chao chao chao?” [Translation: “Amy? Did you use a potty mouth?”]

Amy nodded stiffly, before shaking her head furiously, understanding Cheese’s language with ease. “No! It’s not for me, it’s for Rouge!”

“Oh no! What did Miss Rouge say?” asked Cream.

Amy gagged at the mere memory of the taste of soap, after she had said the word “hell” in front of Vanilla. “Nuh uh! I’m not going to repeat it! It was really bad! They were swear words you don’t know!”

Cream waved Amy out the front door, and pretended to zip her lip. “Okay, Amy! I don’t want to know them. Thanks for not telling me, I might say one on accident!”

***

When Amy opened the door of the woodshop, she was greeted by the sight of Rouge holding herself firmly in place across Vanilla’s lap, humming and hissing as she endured a slow, steady series of spanks. Vanilla’s plan had worked, and Rouge had finally settled herself down, not out

of a spirit of obedience, but only because she'd given up on the idea of physically shielding her backside.

Amy remembered her manners. "Excuse me, Mrs. Vanilla. Do you want me to put this in Rouge's mouth for you?"

Rouge whistled in discomfort, and so missed hearing part of Amy's question. "Wah? What's it for? …Kiyaaah!"

Vanilla landed a sharp, deliberate spank before answering Amy. In response, Rouge squeaked, then bit her lip, in a desperate bid to conceal her discomfort.

Vanilla flashed a buck-toothed smile as she raised her hand slowly. "Not quite yet, Amy, dear. I want to have words with Miss Rouge first." Vanilla landed a final, crisp clap to the low-center region of Rouge's rump. The former femme fatale's face flinched in fury as she swallowed a scream. Nevertheless, Rouge couldn't resist the urge to moan.

Amy watched in awe, holding out the box of soap demurely in case it was needed.
Vanilla let the moment hang, until she was sure she had Rouge's attention. "All right, Miss Rouge. You've made things worse for yourself, but you have an opportunity to course correct right now. I have one simple question. Are you ready to obey?"

Rouge relaxed her grip on the legs of the chair slightly and fidgeted her legs, feeling a crackling, buzzing sting as the black spandex stretched across her buttocks. She was painfully aware of the trapped heat in her seat, which also reminded her of how trapped she felt across Vanilla's lap. "Yeah, whatever! What choice do I have?"

Vanilla replied by landing two ferocious spanks in quick succession to the center of each cheek. Again, she let Rouge squirm pathetically before collapsing back into place. "You always have a choice, Miss Rouge, even in the most trying of times. If you want to obey, let's try a more polite response with less sass. Say, 'Yes, ma'am. I'm ready to obey.'"

Rouge glowered over her shoulder, flashing her vampiric fangs at Vanilla. "No! I'm a grown woman! I'll say whatever I want!"

Vanilla only smiled. "Amy, dear, fetch me a tawse from the wall. The shortest one with two tongs, please."

Amy accidentally juggled the box of Ivory soap in her hurry to obey, then set it down apologetically by Rouge's face to free her hands.

Rouge's attention snapped to the wall of implements. "What the hell's a tawse? …Yeouch! …Yeeow!" Vanilla's only answer to Rouge's question was a spank to her left, upper thigh, followed by a two second pause, before landing a second spank to the right thigh to match.

Then Rouge saw it. The “smallest” tawse was an embroidered leather strap about a foot long, divided into two ominous looking strips that reminded Rouge of a serpent’s forked tongue. The leather was set into a wooden handle, which Vanilla knew would allow for easier gripping while holding Rouge in this position. The longer straps, without handles, were even more menacing, but were impractical unless the disciplinarian was able to stand and use the full range of motion of her arm.

“All in good time, Miss Rouge,” answered Vanilla, momentarily resisting the mental image of giving her bratty charge a proper flogging with a full sized tawse. It’s a sad fact that most spanking implements are impractical if the spankee is being uncooperative.

Amy cradled the the short tawse in both hands before offering it to Vanilla, then backed away, subconsciously wanting to be as far away from the range of the strap as possible.

Rouge’s eyes went wide as she saw Vanilla raise the tawse high above her rear end. “Hold on! Maybe we can–”

Rouge’s special ops training had included advanced hostage negotiation tactics. Unfortunately for Rouge, Vanilla firmly believed in the tried and true rule for parents: “Never negotiate with terrorists.”

The short tawse landed squarely over the center of Rouge’s behind, covering both cheeks in two neat lines.

Just the sound of it sent Amy’s knees knocking. The swing produced a soft whoosh of air, and the impact was snappier than even the crispest spank Vanilla could achieve using only her hand.

From Rouge’s perspective, she had just entered into a new state of heightened awareness. It was as though both strips of leather were tugging at her spandex as they glided across her cheeks. Not only did Rouge’s outfit provide practically no protection, it actually created more friction, holding Rouge’s pert, perky posterior perfectly in place.

Rouge’s attempts to look cool vanished. Vanilla carefully landed six strokes with the strap, making sure to maximize the effect of each as Rouge roared.

As Vanilla landed the sixth stroke, she noticed the fabric of Rouge’s spy outfit was starting to run. What on earth possessed this girl to walk around dressed in such an impractical outfit, mused Vanilla.

For her part, Rouge felt six sets of welts as they slowly rose in place in neat lines, pressing against the tight fabric, and finally started to regret her wardrobe choice.

Vanilla repeated her question as if nothing had happened. “Miss Rouge. Are you ready to obey?”

In sharp contrast to Vanilla’s imperturbable poise, Rouge was very aware of the danger she was in, now more so than ever. She had tried every trick in the book, everything that usually worked! Rouge the Bat always viewed herself as a high-class woman. All she wanted was to preserve some of her dignity. And in her frustration, Rouge knowingly sealed her fate. “You can kiss my perfect, lily white, furry ass!”

Vanilla sighed, then set the tawse down across Rouge’s back. “Very well, Miss Rouge.”

Rouge felt Vanilla’s knee lifting up gently beneath her, raising her hips up slightly into the air. “Hey! What’re you doing?”

In answer, Vanilla neatly tugged down Rouge’s black spandex pants by the waistband, revealing cheeky black and pink underpants decorated with lace and hearts. The word “Magnifique” was printed across the center of Rouge’s panties in florid, white script. “I’m trying to help you, Miss Rouge. This spanking is supposed to be a character-building experience. For it to have any positive effect on you, you and I must come to an understanding. A proper spanking is a cooperative exercise. I don’t suppose you’d consider lifting your bottom a little? Even that would be a helpful start.”

“Why should I?”

Vanilla answered by landing three crisp claps, one for each syllable of the word “Magnifique.”

Rouge caterwauled, then continued to run her mouth, but Vanilla ignored the bat’s furious protests. “Amy, I’m sorry to ask this of you, but please help me lower these inappropriate undergarments.”

Amy nodded and sprang to action, knowing that as long as Rouge was uncooperative, her panties were pinned in place. Amy blushed, imagining how ridiculous she’d look in Rouge’s getup, and half-wondering if guys like Sonic actually liked that stuff, before dodging Rouge’s kicking feet to tug the spandex leggings down to her knees. This held Rouge’s legs in place long enough for Amy to pinch Rouge’s panties with both hands and gracefully lower them down, just below her bottom.

Sure enough, Rouge had a perfect, lilly white, furry ass.

“Noooo! You can’t do this to me!” At this discovery, Rouge’s complaints reached a crescendo, but Vanilla studiously ignored the noise.

Before Amy could retreat back to the wall, Vanilla caught Amy's eye, and scooped up the tawse from Rouge's back. "Thank you, Amy. Open the box of soap. We're going to give Miss Rouge another chance to do the right thing."

For Amy's sake, Vanilla was concealing her nerves behind stoicism. Inside, Vanilla was secretly worried whether she could really handle such a strong-willed young woman. She could only hope Rouge's horrendous behavior wouldn't influence Amy, and she was determined to nip this in the bud before allowing Rouge to spend one night under her roof.

Vanilla had never dealt with such stubbornness from Cream or Rouge, but she remembered her parents' sage advice: even the most difficult child deserves an opportunity to choose to obey.

Despite everything, Vanilla believed that Rouge wasn't completely incorrigible. Once Rouge had learned to accept her fate, she could be trained, like any other child in need of instruction.

Vanilla had decided to give Rouge yet another chance, but she also knew she had to get Rouge's attention. Without further ado, Vanilla raised the tawse and aimed it expertly across Rouge's bare bat butt.

"This is completely unnecessary! I'm a–AAAIIIEEE!!!" Rouge's complaints immediately vanished, to be replaced by shrieks. Now that Rouge's bottom was free of the constraints of her outfit, the six pale red stripes were now faintly visible beneath her thin, downy white fur. But it was the embarrassment, more than the pain that shut Rouge up. As she felt her own leggings catch on her legs, preventing her from bucking off of Vanilla's terrible lap, Rouge's pretense of being a dangerous, commanding girlboss was burning away like straw.

After another six strokes from the tawse over her bare bottom, Rouge's caboose was now covered with twelve sets of welts, neatly overlapping each other in horizontal rows. At the far edge of her right butt cheek, the split in the leather tawse produced a more fiery, criss cross pattern.

Still resolutely resisting the urge to break down completely, Rouge gasped for air, her head dangling low toward the ground in exhaustion.

Satisfied, Vanilla set down the tawse and switched her grip on Rouge's waist, delicately lifting up Rouge's chin with her free left hand. "Now that I have your full attention, Miss Rouge, let's discuss the position you are in. Before we can address your impolite and foul language, we first need to address your deliberate disobedience. If you agree to be brave and obey, we can end this much more quickly."

Feeling a smarting afterburn from her welts, Rouge swallowed a nasty retort. "What…what do you want from me?"

Before answering, Vanilla guided Rouge's chin so that her attention was pointed to Amy. "First, we're going to cure you of that terrible potty mouth. Open wide, and let Amy wash your mouth out with soap. Amy, hold the bar in place until you're sure Rouge has a good hold on it."

Realizing this was her cue, Amy yanked the Ivory soap free, dropping the box in her rush. Rouge's eyes flicked from the soap in front of her to Vanilla behind her. Rouge felt Vanilla gently pinch her cheeks, and opened her mouth reflexively. The smell of the Ivory soap was so pleasant, but Rouge knew from childhood experience what to expect next. Only the fear of the strap enabled Rouge to keep her mouth open and let Amy place the bar on her tongue.

For a few seconds, Rouge hoped that maybe Ivory soap had improved in flavor over the years, but the pleasant smell was quickly replaced by the same acrid, bitter taste of soap suds that she remembered all too well.

With a gag, Rouge spat the bar out with such force, it bounced on the ground. Amy hopped back in surprise.

Rouge spat, soapy drool dribbling down her chin. "No! You can't make me!"

In a flash, Vanilla released her grip on Rouge's chin, gripped her waist, scooped the tawse back up, and landed a nasty diagonal stroke that stretched from Rouge's lower left cheek, landing on her upper right hip with a resounding, "Snick!"

Vanilla waited for Rouge's howl to die away as she raised the tawse. "Repeat after me: 'Yes, ma'am. I'm ready to obey, please.'"

Rouge fought to calm her mind, pressing her legs together instinctively to relieve the burning sting. "Yuh–yes, ma'am! I'll obey! I'll take the spanking, just not the soap…please!"

Vanilla angled a second diagonal stroke, this one across both of Rouge's thighs, starting at her upper left thigh, and wrapping across her lower right thigh. The best feature of the tawse was its whipping quality, and Vanilla knew that landing fresh strokes on "unmarked territory" would keep Rouge acutely aware of that fact. Vanilla repeated her instructions over Rouge's wail of agony. "Repeat after me: 'Yes, ma'am. I'm ready to obey, please."

Rouge caught the gist. "Yes, ma'am! I'm ready to obey! Please, not the soap!"

Vanilla landed the third stroke over the center of Rouge's bottom, leaving a new, angry welt on top of several previous ones. "Do not add anything else, Miss Rouge. No ifs, ands, or buts. Say, 'Yes, ma'am! I'm ready to obey, please!'"

Rouge finally obeyed, gasping. "Yes! …ma'am! ...I'm ready to…obey, please!"

With a sigh of relief, Vanilla placed a quick smack on Rouge's quivering bottom, just enough to remind her of how sore it still was. Vanilla was pleased to see Rouge stiffen and resolutely hold herself in place. Despite everything, Vanilla couldn't help but admire Rouge's spunk. She knew that once Rouge had discovered the importance of obedience, everything would be much easier. A good spanking was all about instilling the proper mentality!

"Deliberate disobedience, wilful defiance, general bad manners, and langage from the gutter. Any one of these character flaws would be bad enough, but together they are making your life much worse than it has to be, Miss Rouge. You asked to accept my guidance. Are you having second thoughts? Would you prefer to see the Sheriff?"

Rouge's ears perked up. The temptation to escape further pain and humiliation was much more enticing while she was laying over the knee. But Rouge remembered her earlier decision to submit to Vanilla's authority. Underneath the seductive act, Rouge had a warrior's spirit. No matter how dangerous the mission, Rouge was determined to see it through to the end. "No!"

Vanilla landed another quick slap, this time on the side of Rouge's bottom where the lashes of the tawse had missed a few spots. "Correction, 'No, ma'am.'"

"No, ma'am!" Rouge barked like a freshly recruited soldier.

"Do you think you deserve to have your mouth washed out with soap, Miss Rouge?"

Rouge's eyes flicked open, wondering if an honest answer would earn her another whipping. "Nuh…yes, ma'am, I think?"

Amy tilted her head, curious what Vanilla was up to, and momentarily forgetting the trouble she was in. "Really, Rouge? You don't sound convinced!"

At a single glance from Vanilla, Amy squeaked and covered her mouth, pressing the bar of soap against her lips. "Sorry, Mrs. Vanilla!"

"It's okay, Amy. Just remember to say, 'Excuse me,' next time."

Amy nodded furiously, and whispered, "Yes'm!" She awkwardly retrieved the soap box, hoping that her slip of the tongue wouldn't come back to bite her in the rear end later.

Vanilla placed a comforting hand on Rouge's head. "Miss Rouge, you don't have to say the answer you think I want to hear. Of course, I want a polite answer, but I also want a truthful one. Do you think you deserve to have your mouth washed out with soap, yes or no?"

Rouge hesitated, but the pat on her head reminded how her parents used to ruffle her hair as a little vampire bat. "Well...No, ma'am?"

Rouge stiffened, expecting another round of spanking, but none came. Vanilla answered with perfect composure, “I see. I disagree but I want to hear your reasoning. Why is that, Rouge?”

Rouge hunched her shoulders, lowering her head to the floor. “Well, my parents only did that when I was a child, but I’m grown up now. Don’t I have a right to free speech…ma’am?”

“It’s not an issue of legal rights. It’s an issue of right and wrong. Do you think it was right to use the F-word and to call me a…what was it?” Vanilla blushed even as she self-censored the phrase, “Ah, yes, a long-eared, buck-toothed, b-word?”

Rouge rubbed her feet together. “No, ma’am. I’m sorry.”

Vanilla grinned, “I accept your apology. Now, in my humble opinion, a mouth-washing is the least you deserve. A spanking is a punishment for children, too, but you were willing to accept that. Why would a little soap be a bridge too far?”

“Because…I didn’t expect it! Last time I got my mouth washed out with soap, I was six years old. I didn’t think I was agreeing to that!”

Vanilla’s ears perked up. At least, Rouge’s parents hadn’t been completely permissive. “What kinds of words were you not allowed to say as a child?”

Rouge felt a small fleck of soap that had caught on her sharp bat tooth brush against her tongue. She half-choked, sticking out her tongue at the taste. As she caught Vanilla’s eye, Rouge quickly slurped her tongue back into her mouth, worried that Vanilla would interpret the gesture as an insult. Thankfully, Vanilla patiently awaited Rouge’s answer. “...You know, the f-word, the s-word, the c-word, the d-word…”

“Woah, there are that many swear words?” thought Amy nervously.

Vanilla removed her hand from Rouge’s head and adjusted her grip on Rouge’s waist. “What about the a-word and the b-word?”

“Wait, so ‘butt’ isn’t the b-word?” Amy felt silly for not realizing it earlier.

Rouge swallowed, only to nearly gag on the last remains of soap suds in her mouth. “Yes, ma’am. I wasn’t allowed to say those either.”

“I see. If you’re going to stay with us, I’d prefer you not teach my daughter new swear words. You should know that in my house, I don’t permit Cream or Amy to use words like, ‘Damn,’ or ‘Hell.’ As long as you remain under my mouth, you will be subject to the same rules as Amy and Cream.”

Even at the sound of those lesser curse words, Amy stiffened.

Rouge's eyes went wide. "Crap! Are you serious…uh, ma'am?"

Vanilla sighed. "Yes, and before you ask, 'crap' is also a word that'd merit a mouth-washing for Amy or Cream. I appreciate that your parents might have had different rules when you were growing up, but I don't want my daughter to develop the habit of using obscene language, even light profanity."

"But…I use those words all the time?"

"Then you will make an effort to change your habits."

Rouge felt tears welling up in her eyes. Her prospects were getting worse and worse!
"But…wait!"

At the mention of the word "But," Vanilla landed a warning pat, which was more than enough to remind Rouge of the stinging welts. "You're doing much better, Rouge. Try to form your thoughts first, then it will be easier to express them politely."

Rouge quickly self-corrected. "Sorry, ma'am! Excuse me, but I don't even know all the words you consider bad! Am…Am I going to spend all week going over your knee with a bar of soap in my mouth?"

Vanilla felt sympathy. Already "Miss Rouge the Brat" was transforming into a young lady in need of a little correction.

Vanilla set Rouge back on her feet and looked her in the eye, her voice firm, but not unkind. "Don't worry, dear. I believe in showing patience when children make simple mistakes. Let's start with the basics. You know the kinds of naughty words that are obviously bad enough to merit a spanking and a mouth-washing. The a-word, the b-word, the c-word, the d-word, the f-word…Any usage of those will merit you an instant trip across my knee, before being sent to time out with a bar of soap to chew on. For less serious words, all I ask is that you make an effort. I won't be so quick to resort to the full punishment if you let slip a "hell" by mistake, but I reserve the right to do both if I think it will help you break your bad habit. Is that clear?"

Rouge still felt a clutching sensation in her stomach, but the reassuring quality in Vanilla's voice helped relieve her despair. She held her hands to cover her front, and caught a quick peek of her sore red bottom. Even so, now that she was back on her feet, Rouge felt a little more grown-up now. "Yes, I…I'll try, Ma'am!"

Vanilla pointed to direct Rouge's attention to Amy. "Very good, Rouge. That's all I ask. In that case, that brings us back to the beginning. Are you ready to obey?"

Remembering the earlier words that she had been forced to repeat, Rouge hung her head and answered, “Yes, ma’am. I’m ready to obey, please.”

“Then go apologize to Amy for spitting the bar of soap at her, and politely ask her to put it back in your mouth. Then march your naughty little bottom straight back here and across my lap.”

Rouge winced at the mention of the word “naughty,” and the realization that her spanking was not over. With a defeated sigh, Rouge approached Amy and followed her marching orders, feeling her leggings catch around her ankles. “I’m sorry for spitting the bar of soap at you, Miss Rose. You can put it back, now, I’m ready, please.”

As Rouge tasted the bar, still damp with spittle from before, the sudsy taste immediately filled her eyes with tears. Rouge grimaced as she heard Vanilla pat her lap invitingly, and turned to waddle back towards her fate. Would she feel the terrible strap again? Rouge knew she couldn’t take much more. Her interrogation training to become a special agent had included waterboarding, but not even that had prepared her for this!

With Rouge back in place over her lap, Vanilla reflected on the beautiful change in Rouge’s demeanor. It was as though harmony and good order was being restored to the world! Vanilla offered the tawse to Amy, making a point of holding it in Rouge’s field of vision. “Amy, hold the tawse for me. If Miss Rouge is careful, I don’t think I’ll need it again today, but be ready in case I ask for it back.”

As Rouge exhaled with relief, she made a whistling sound, and a few soap bubbles flew off the Ivory soap bar.

Vanilla gave Rouge a few pats on each cheek. “Very good, young lady. Now that we’ve addressed your deliberate disobedience, and your foul language, we can finally address your general impoliteness. In my home, it is not enough for a child to simply follow the rote forms of obedience and good manners. Your attitude speaks volumes. Before we began this spanking, your poor attitude made everything much worse for you. Now that your attitude has improved somewhat, we can finally finish what we started. I’m going to give you ten more swats. Hold tight onto that bar of soap. If you let it drop, I’ll add an additional ten swats. Are you ready?”

Rouge nodded, feeling the soap suds pooling below her tongue. Not one of her taste buds was spared! She tried to say, “Yes, ma’am,” but all she could manage was, “Mss-hmm!”

"Thank you dear, dear. No need to try and speak with that in your mouth, just focus on holding that soap bar in place," Vanilla replied as she raised her hand, a hint of satisfaction in her voice.

As though she was dealing with a naughty toddler who was only in need of a brief smacking, Rouge delivered the first of ten firm whacks, which was all she had initially planned on giving Rouge before their contest of wills.

Rouge gripped the legs of the chair again, now eager to obey with the finish line so close in sight. But as the ninth whack landed, she pursed her lips. With a clean “Pop!” the soap flew from her mouth.

Vanilla’s hand paused in mid air. Everyone froze, even Amy, their eyes on the soap bar.

Blowing frothy soap from her mouth, Rouge spluttered, “I’m sorry, Ma’am! It was an accident! I didn’t mean it.”

Vanilla sighed, and bent over to pick the bar up. “I believe you, Rouge, dear. Here’s a tip: try and bite down on the bar slightly to keep it in place.”

Rouge sniffled, tears streaming down her cheeks, coughing up suds from the back of her throat as she accepted the bar again. She knew she had eleven swats to go, and wondered if she would ever be allowed up off of Vanilla’s lap again at this rate.

After letting Rouge clamp down on the bar and catch her breath, Vanilla delivered the tenth spank, letting her hand rest to feel the radiant heat from Rouge’s seat. “There, that’s ten. You may stand up, Rouge, dear.”

Rouge’s eyes snapped open, vision blurred by tears. Rouge tried to say, “But, didn’t you say you’d give me ten more spanks?”

Thanks to the soap bar, what came out of her mouth instead was more like, “Muh? Biddn’ moo fffaw moodth bib vee then mooah thpanks?”

Vanilla wanted to giggle, but decided to preserve her resolute poker face for just a moment longer. “Yes, dear, I did promise you another ten spanks if you dropped the soap bar. Do you think you deserve another spanking?”

Rouge felt tears return to her eyes, but didn’t break eye contact. “Mmyeth, ba’ambuh?”

Vanilla guessed correctly that Rouge was trying to answer yes. “Well, that’s very brave. Now, just to warn you, this spanking was to correct your attitude. I was going to give Amy her spanking first before you interrupted me.”

Amy shuffled her feet at the mention of her coming spanking. Whenever Amy and Cream were in trouble, Amy never knew what was worse: to get spanked first, or be forced to wait. Now, Amy was sure she knew the answer. She wished her spanking had been over long ago, rather than have to endure this terrible dread.

Vanilla continued to calmly explain to Rouge the dilemma she was in. “That means that after I finish spanking Amy, you and I still need to discuss your behavior earlier today, which got you into this fix in the first place.”

Horrible comprehension dawned on Rouge's face. "Myoo meem mwee babben'pffimmishth?"

Vanilla made a careful effort to remain patient, but plucked the soap from Rouge's mouth. "Oh, good gracious, let me take that out so you can speak clearly."

Rouge noticed Vanilla didn't bother to wait for her to answer before removing the soap, and decided to be extra polite just in case. "Pfft! Bleh! Ahem, excuse me! You mean we haven't finished….ma'am?"

"No, Rouge, I mean we haven't started."

Rouge's lip trembled. She realized that everything she had just experienced, she had brought on herself. Rouge looked back at Amy, knowing how absurd she must look to the kid, painfully aware of her bare buttocks, glowing like two incandescent red light bulbs. "Yes, ma'am! I…I promise to obey you, whatever you decide!"

"Very good, Rouge. And do you still think you still deserve an extra ten spanks for dropping the soap bar?"

Rouge's lips scrunched into a conflicted expression. "Yes, ma'am."

Vanilla slowly stood up, towering over the quivering bat before putting a reassuring hand on her shoulder. "Well, I agree you deserve another spanking…but not for a minor mistake like dropping the soap. You promised to obey, whatever I decided, and I've decided to spare your bottom that at least. For now, you will go stand in timeout, like I asked before, and watch while I finish with Amy. Keep this bar of soap in your mouth the whole time, and bite down so you don't drop it again. Or else, you know what to expect. Watch Amy carefully. You'll be getting just the same as her soon enough. Open your mouth, please."

Rouge felt her heart melt at the reassuring words and gesture, before the threat of the soap and an additional spanking came crashing down. Rouge pouted, and when instructed to open her mouth, obeyed, but deliberately sighed and glowered to make it clear she wasn't happy. Vanilla caught the gesture, but decided to spare Rouge the spanking Amy or Cream would have immediately earned for such a stunt.

Trying to rub the lingering sting from her butt cheek with one hand, Rouge reached down to pull up her leggings with the other, only to feel Vanilla plant a sharp warning swat on her rump. "No, Rouge. No rubbing. And the rule in my house is: a bare bottom remains bare until the spanking is completely over. Not that those silly tights do much to hide it anyway. Your behavior today was shameful, and I want you to learn to have some shame. Think very carefully about everything that has happened today, and about what is coming to you soon enough, while you are standing in time out."

Rouge marched to the corner, in a huff, and with a harrumph. Unfortunately, the grunt, combined with the wet sound of flying soap suds, was obnoxious enough to catch Vanilla's attention. Clearly, a strong-willed young lady like Rouge needed clear rules and boundaries. "On second thought, I won't have you *stand* in the corner after all. Amy, fetch the old timeout stool from behind the long-bench. I think you remember it. Miss Rouge, we'll let you *sit* in timeout instead!"

Rouge's chest tightened as she twisted to look at Vanilla over her shoulder. The ominous tone in Vanilla's voice warned her that something bad was coming, but what could it possibly be?

Amy's hair stood on end as she retrieved "the timeout stool." In all the years she had known Cream and Vanilla, Amy had never seen Vanilla use it on Cream. On one occasion only, Amy had been introduced to it when she'd argued with Vanilla about being too old for a spanking (shortly after, and as a direct result of, the disastrous incident where she'd used a magical ring to wish to age herself several years to become a teenager). Amy brought the stool to Rouge without daring to look at it and set it down, backing away from it as if she was afraid it would pounce on her.

As she examined it, Rouge instantly understood its purpose. The seat of the tall wooden stool was covered in a pattern of wooden pyramid shapes, each about 1-inch high and sanded to a smooth finish. The pyramids wouldn't puncture her skin, but it would be like sitting on a bed of nails.

The soap in Rouge's mouth seemed to droop in dismay as she looked at Vanilla, with a silent plea for mercy.

Vanilla gestured invitingly with her palm. "Have a seat, Miss Rouge."

Rouge resisted the urge to sit, before catching sight of the long line of spanking implements hanging behind Vanilla, and with an effort lifted herself up onto the stool. It was so tall, she couldn't support her weight with her feet. She had no choice but to press her bottom down fully onto the seat, the pyramids seeming to sink into her tender hindquarters like a lion's teeth in a haunch of red meat.

As she tried to shift her feet to the rungs of the stool to relieve the pressure on her seat, Rouge discovered the devious design of a disciplinary genius. Even the supporting beams of the stool had been deliberately placed so that if she tried to lift her feet and support her weight on them, lifting her legs would only tighten her glutes and increase her discomfort. If she tried to lower her feet to the bottom rungs, she still couldn't support her weight enough to make much difference, and the effort caused her sit spots to bunch up and press into the sharp points like dough. Nevertheless, Rouge couldn't help fidgeting from position to position, if only to provide relief from one part of her bottom by sacrificing another. The heavy stool stood steady as she wriggled from side to side atop it, as though the carpenter had anticipated this as well.

Vanilla sighed with relief. Finally, after dealing with Rouge's rebellious streak, it seemed like she was over the hump. Despite her propensity for hare-brained antics, Vanilla knew Amy was a delightful girl. Once Rouge saw how well Amy could take a spanking, everything would move more smoothly. Maybe Vanilla would even have time to enjoy her calming cup of tea before supper, after missing tea time? "Amy, dear? It's your turn. So sorry for the delay! Now, come lie across my lap!"

Amy froze, before taking a hesitant step towards Vanilla. Finally, after all the fear and anticipation, her spanking would be over! But as Amy forced herself to take a second step, a series of thoughts and visions spun in her head. No! It wouldn't be over! It was only the beginning! There would surely be an additional bedtime spanking tonight to reinforce the lesson, at the very least. And after that, there was an entire week to look forward to! Who knew how many opportunities to earn a spanking were in store for her?

As Vanilla's lap seemed to loom large before her, Amy caught sight of a glint of sunlight through the caved star pattern in the door of the wood shed. Of course! Escape! That was the answer!

"Now, Miss Rouge, watch closely and see how Amy handles a spank–"

"Waaaah!" wailed Amy as she dashed past Vanilla and bolted for the door.

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Outside, all three Peeping Toms uttered one of the new swear words they had learned today as they saw Amy charging towards the door. Barry and Buddy only had time to press flat against the wall on either side of the door. Honey, who had claimed the best spot at the keyhole, snapped her head up! She couldn't go left? She couldn't go right?

There was no time!

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"Amy?" Vanilla let out a cry of frustration and chased after her, her long legs carrying her swiftly across the room. She caught Amy just as she thrust open the door, scooping the young hedgehog around the waist.

"Noooo! Not a spanking! Anything but that!!!" Amy wailed out the door, loud enough for most of the village to hear.

Barry, Buddy, and Honey certainly heard it, their fur standing on end. Fortunately for Honey, the door of the shed swung outward. When Amy had thrust it open, the door had caught honey across the seat of her hoop skirt, pushing her forward and out of sight. If Amy or Vanilla took a single step outside, all three would surely be spotted!

“Amy! Get a hold of yourself, young lady! Honestly! I expected more composure from you.” Vanilla groaned as she felt Amy clutch at the door frame. With a deft motion, Vanilla lifted Amy up by the torso, tucking her tight under her arm, and landed a single firm slap over Amy’s white panties.

“Yow!” howled Amy, releasing her death grip on the door frame. She strained her hands to grasp at midair, and caught the door handle, accidentally slamming it shut. As it slipped from her grip, Amy threw her hands back in an attempt to shield her bottom, but Vanilla’s iron under-arm hold prevented Amy from interfering.

"Amy, you bad girl, you've earned yourself an extra punishment for that little stunt," Vanilla declared, her voice filled with determination. She landed an equally determined spank as she carried Rose back to the high backed chair.

As she saw the door, and all hope, moving farther away from her, Amy snapped out of her initial panic. Amy and Rouge made eye contact, and Amy knew precisely what Rouge was thinking.

“Sorry, kid, you’re on your own!”

Amy knew no help was coming from that direction. It was like waking up out of a nightmare, to find herself in a nightmare. “Owwie! I’m…I’m sorry, Mrs. Vanilla! I wasn’t thinking!”

Vanilla sighed, before patting Amy on the behind to let her catch her breath. Then the weary mother raised her hand to begin in earnest. “I forgive you, Amy, dear. And I hope this spanking will teach you to think more clearly in the future.”

“This is going to be a long day,” thought Vanilla, as she landed the first of a series of firm strokes.

As the spanking built to a quick, continuous tempo, both Amy and Rouge realized in terror that Amy would not be let off easy with a few quick warning slaps.

No, this under-the-arm spanking would be a proper spanking all by itself. And probably, the first of many, many spankings.

“This is going to be a long, long day,” thought Amy, and Rouge, before pain, sorrow, and self-pity drove all other thoughts away.

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Barry the Quokka, Buddy the Fox, and Honey the Squirrel’s chests heaved as they all risked taking a single breath.

“That was too close! We gotta get out of here!” whined Honey, rubbing her tail, which had serendipitously caught the brunt of the force from the door bursting open.

“Oh, c’mon, Honey!” gasped Buddy.

“Have some balls!” wheezed Barry.

Honey stomped her foot and took a breath, ready to shout one of her new vocabulary words, before Buddy and Barry both shushed her, stammering apologies.

As the sounds of Amy’s first spanking of the day started to pick up, the three co-conspirators nodded, and returned to their places.

“So what if we get caught?” thought Honey. *“I’d rather get spanked every day for the rest of my life than miss a second of this!”*

End of Chapter 2

Red Rears for Rose and Rouge:
Chapter 3: Setting An Example
By Yu May

Ignoring Amy Rose's wails, Vanilla the Rabbit sternly delivered firm, steady spanks across the pink hedgehog's panty clad posterior. Amy reflexively kicked her red boots once, before trying to hold as still as possible, desperate to show she was ready to be obedient. As tears welled up in Amy's eyes, she felt her head rocking forward, and wondered if Mrs. Vanilla was about to drop her. But Vanilla kept an unbreakable grip on Amy's waist, and kept her securely pinned under one arm. Amy thought about how, after all these years, Mrs. Vanilla could still easily hold up Amy's entire weight. "Oh, please, Mrs. Vanill–Ah! I won't do it again! …Ow! …Owwie!"

As Vanilla landed another clap, then another, neither softening the pace nor the force of the spanking, she sighed softly. "I hope to see you keep that promise, Amy."

Vanilla landed another swat for emphasis. "But I still have to give you a spanking to help you remember your promise. Understand?"

Amy's lip trembled. "...Yes, ma'am."

After delivering another smack, Vanilla nodded. "Very good. Then let's finish this first trial."

Vanilla fell back into the steady spanking rhythm again. Amy hooted and howled, but didn't beg or bargain any further.

As she watched from her uncomfortable seat in the timeout corner, Rouge the Bat struggled to keep count, guessing that she could expect the same punishment, or worse, if she tried to make a break for it.

After administering no less than 100 spanks, Vanilla paused. "All right, Miss Rose. That was for trying to run away and making a scene. If I set you down, do you think you can show a better display of self-control?"

Already, Amy's voice was a little tearful, but more from remorse than pain.
"...yes…ma'am…sniff!"

Vanilla set Amy down on her feet and helped straighten her up, stroking Amy's head and patting her shoulder. "That's more like it. Now, Amy, I've never had a problem with you running away from a spanking before. Whatever got into you?"

Amy frowned, wiping away a couple tears with both hands, before she corrected her posture and tried to control her shaking voice. "I…I just panicked. I'd been watching you spank Rouge for so long, and all I could think about was how I was next."

As Rouge shifted on her stool, she felt one of the wooden spikes dig into her freshly spanked backside, and tensed at the fresh reminder. Rouge started to swallow a lump in her throat, but thanks to the thick, sudsy soap bar in her mouth, she hacked it right back up. Rouge felt the soap bar nearly slip from her lips and bit down, not wanting to risk provoking Vanilla any further at the moment. As Rouge saw Vanilla and Amy's eyes on her, the bratty bat felt a little spittle of drool dripping down from the soap bar.

Vanilla shook her head at Amy. "I understand you were scared, Amy. It's normal to be scared before a spanking. But you're also old enough to know better. I've seen you be brave and accept a punishment you had coming in the past. I hoped you could show Miss Rouge how to be obedient, and submit to chastisement with dignity, like a lady. Do you think you're setting a good example, so far?"

Amy hung her head, then shook it meekly. "No, ma'am."

"Well, do you want to try again?"

Amy looked up at Vanilla, her eyes watery. "Yes, please."

Vanilla beamed. "That's the spirit! In that case, fetch me the heavy wooden paddle. You know the one."

Amy hunched her shoulders, then turned stiffly to look at the wall of spanking implements behind her.

Rouge immediately guessed which paddle Vanilla meant. It could only be the one with the long handle, with a series of seven emerald-shaped holes drilled into it. Amy retrieved it and held it out to Vanilla, both of her hands trembling as she cradled the ferocious implement.

Vanilla accepted the paddle, and smacked it experimentally against her own palm. The resulting "Thwack" was surprisingly audible, despite how gentle the gesture seemed. "Amy, I bared Miss Rouge's behind today for being disobedient during a spanking. I think it's only fair that you get the same treatment, for the same offense. But what do you think? Do you deserve a bare bottom spanking for how you behaved?"

Amy winced. She had once answered, "No," to a similar question. Vanilla hadn't been angry, but she had also asked a few probing questions, until Amy had found herself agreeing with Vanilla. In her heart, Amy knew the correct answer. "Yes, ma'am…are you going to bare my bottom now? …Or do you want me to do it?"

"It's your choice, Amy."

Amy gripped the hem of her mini skirt. "I…I'd like to do it myself, please. I want to show you I can be more brave, this time."

Vanilla nodded. “Very good. Then you know what to do.”

Amy took a shaky breath, then quickly dropped her panties, stepped out of them, and folded them neatly.

Vanilla gestured to the high-backed chair with the paddle. “Set those down, then stand two feet in front of the chair.”

Wordlessly, Amy set her panties down beneath the chair, then rested her hands on either side of the seat, bending over to present her quivering bottom as a target.

As Vanilla pulled a wooden clothespin from her pocket, she smiled, then neatly pinned up Amy’s skirt to reveal her bright pink bottom. “You read my mind! I see you remember our previous discussion in the woodshed, over that foolish matter with the Ring of Acorn?”

Amy kept her eyes forward, focused on the beautiful, hand-carved headrest of the chair. “Yes, ma’am!”

“Then you should also recall what you promised me that day?”

“That I would never, ever play with dangerous magic ever again, and that I would stop to think before taking foolish risks.”

“And what about today? Do you think it was wise to go galavanting after Chaos Emeralds alone, without telling anyone?”

“Um…I told Tails? He made me the Chaos Emerald Locator!”

Vanilla gave Amy’s bottom a soft tap with the paddle, at half strength. Nevertheless, Amy’s tail twitched as she felt the smack, and with dread she realized that even that light test swing had been more than enough to produce a fresh sting across her buttocks. Vanilla glided the cool wood of the paddle across Amy’s bottom. “Tails is still a child. You know better than that. Did you tell your parents?”

“Uh…no, Mrs. Vanilla. I just…didn’t think to?”

As Vanilla patted Amy’s bottom softly, Amy felt her upper torso rock forward slightly. She knew from experience that once the real paddling began, she would have to mentally “accept” every stroke of the paddle, and allow her body weight to roll with each stroke.

Vanilla clicked her tongue. “Exactly. You didn’t think. Fighting with Rouge was silly. Attacking Gemerl was cruel. But not thinking was the first of the series of bad decisions that brought you to this point. Do you have anything else to say for yourself?”

Amy lowered her forehead to the seat of the chair, with a groan. “...No…I feel so stupid.”

Vanilla lowered the paddle, circled around, and kneeled to Amy’s eye level, “Amy, dear, you are *not* stupid. You acted foolishly. You can’t fix stupid, but the good news is…”

Vanilla stroked Amy’s cheek, looking her in the eye. “...You *can* fix foolish. If you learn from this experience, I know you can do better in future. You can make good choices.”

Amy’s eyes shone. “Really? You don’t think I’m an air-head, Mrs. Vanilla?”

Vanilla shook her head. “You are not an air-head. If I ever hear anyone call Amy Rose an air-head…I’ll give them something to think about. I don’t care who it is, including you, Amy. They’ll get an instant trip to the woodshed. Which reminds me…”

Vanilla strolled back to her position and rested the flat-surface of the paddle against Amy’s backside. “Because you agreed to take responsibility, and help fix the damage you caused this week, I’m not giving you a full-length paddling. Think of this as your last warning. But because you also made several foolish choices today, I’m giving you three separate sets of strokes. You will get five paddle swats to remind you to think before you act…”

Vanilla emphasized her words with a soft slap of the paddle. “...Another five paddle swats for that absurd display of temper, fighting with Miss Rouge in the village center…”

Another slap, but firm enough to make the point clear. The real spanking was about to start. “...And another *ten* strokes for attacking Gemerl. And you will be apologizing to him as soon as we’re finished here. I expect you to count each stroke…Oh! And remember to say thank you. And grit your teeth, so you don’t bite your tongue by mistake. Are you ready?”

Amy swallowed, instantly feeling her guilt return, slamming down on her chest like a rock slide. “Yes, ma’am….thank you ma’am.”

Rouge almost swooned. If twenty strokes with a paddle was considered a “warning shot,” Rouge shuddered to think what a full paddling would be.

Vanilla delivered the first proper stroke of the paddle, the impact easily flattening both of Amy’s butt cheeks like two pancakes. Amy rocked several inches forward, then rolled back. Amy seethed, her jaw clenched tight. “Tsss! One, ma’am! …Thank you, ma’am!”

Amy managed to keep in position and count the first five strokes without incident. On the sixth stroke, Amy yelped, then fidgeted as she felt the rising heat, rubbing one of her boots against the back of her leg. “Agh…Six, ma’am…Thank you, ma’am!”

“Feet on the ground, Amy. Take a deep breath, and tell me when you’re ready. The next stroke is number seven.”

Amy whistled and stretched her legs. When Vanilla tapped the paddle against Amy’s backside, she decided she’d better not dawdle. “Yes, ma’am…ready, ma’am.”

Vanilla began the paddling anew. Amy’s yells were more pronounced this time. “Yeeow! …Seven, ma’am!”

Vanilla paused, then delivered a quick warning swat. “Remember to say ‘thank you.’”

Amy hissed, her teeth bared. “...Thank you!”

Vanilla’s ear perked at the absence of the word, “Ma’am” unsure if Amy meant it deliberately. Deciding to give Amy the benefit of the doubt, Vanilla chose to ignore it, and delivered the eighth stroke.

Amy tried to hold in her scream, before it seemed to explode out of her mouth on its own. “Aaargh! Eight, ma’am! Thank you, ma’am!”

Pleased with Amy’s endurance, Vanilla glanced up, and caught Rouge’s eye. Vanilla was equally pleased to see Rouge sitting ramrod straight on the punishment stool, closely watching every moment of the punishment. Vanilla could read the look on Rouge’s face like an open book. As Vanilla delivered the ninth stroke of the paddle across Amy’s behind, Rouge was thinking, *“...I’m next!”*

After stroke number ten, Amy remembered to count and say thank you. But after the eleventh swat…

“Yeeeaaaaiiiiieeee-heee! Teh-twelve, ma’am!”

“No, Amy. That was only eleven.”

“Eleven! I meant eleven!”

Vanilla raised an eyebrow and patted Amy’s bottom a few times. Then Vanilla strolled to Amy’s other side, switching the paddle to her other hand. “Breathe in, breathe out, Amy…Now, I’m going to repeat that stroke. Try to count eleven again, and this time…mind your manners”

Amy nodded furiously, fighting to ignore the lingering ache of the previous strokes. Amy knew from experience that Vanilla was willing to start over from the beginning if a naughty child was obstinate during a spanking. “Yes, ma’am!”

Wordlessly, Vanilla delivered the extra stroke, and waited for Amy to catch her breath and count. “...Eleven, ma’am. Thank you, ma’am.”

Immediately after she finished saying thank you, Amy felt the twelfth stroke land, and she gasped. Amy lowered her head onto the seat, her knees close to buckling, before straightening and repeating her count. Amy endured five more strokes with equal fortitude, but by stroke number 18, the cumulative effect of the paddling had taken its toll. Amy bellowed, and scrambled up onto the chair, clutching the back support like a long-lost friend, and grasping her flaming backside, feeling the heat through her white gloves.

Vanilla didn’t scream, but she did use her dreaded mom voice. “Amy! Get off the chair. Back in position. And no rubbing!”

Amy felt fresh tears spilling down her cheeks as she quickly climbed down and reassumed the position. “Yes, ma’am! Sorry, ma’am!”

“You’re almost there. Take a moment to catch your breath, then finish your count.”

Amy took a few shaky breaths, and felt her nose clogging from the tears. “Schniff! Eighteen, ma’am. Thank you ma’am.”

Vanilla pressed the paddle against Amy’s bottom gently. Even without any force, Amy could feel the wooden surface trapping the radiant heat from her own backside against her like a furnace. “If you leave position again, or put your hands on your bottom, I’m adding extra swats. Grit your teeth, and tell me when you’re ready.”

Amy snorted, and felt her sinuses clear. “Yes, ma’am…ready, ma’am!”

Vanilla administered the nineteenth stroke with such force, Amy had to catch herself to keep from getting knocked forward and out of position. But she was ready. Amy gagged, then squealed her count. “Agh! Nineteeeeen! Ma’am! Thank you, ma’am!”

The twentieth swat landed at a slightly upward angle, catching both of Amy’s sit spots as it glided across her lower cheeks, and the welts left by the previous stroke. Amy screamed, her voice going hoarse. “Aaaaahaaaa! Twenty! Twenty, ma’am! Oh my, I’m sorry, I’m sorry! Thank you, ma’am!”

Vanilla laid a hand on Amy’s back. “There, there. You made it. That was a sound paddling, and all things considered, I’d say you took it well. You may stand up, Amy.”

Amy moaned as she arched her back, grasping her bottom. “Oooh! My aching–”

Vanilla clapped Amy’s upper thigh. “Amy! Hands off your booty!”

Amy stood at attention, like a soldier. “Yes, ma’am! Sorry ma’am!”

Vanilla tapped her foot as she looked Amy in the eye, her eyes narrow. “Will I need to give you another spanking, to remind you not to rub your bottom in timeout?”

Amy shook her head, quailing under Vanilla’s gaze. “No, ma’am! I’ll remember, ma’am!”

Vanilla held up the paddle, gesturing to point Amy toward the corner where Rouge was currently sitting. “Very good, Amy. In that case, I’ll have you stand in timeout. No need to sit. I trust you’ll resist the temptation to rub. Miss Rouge, you may leave your stool.”

Flapping her bat wings, Rouge literally flew away from the punishment stool, before she came skipping to a halt. Vanilla pulled the empty soap box out from her pocket, and popped the soap bar out of Rouge’s mouth. Rouge spluttered slightly, before Vanilla offered her a handkerchief. “Use this. You may keep it, so scrub out whatever you can reach for now.”

Rouge mumbled something that could either have been a “Thank you,” or something much ruder, before she stuffed the handkerchief in her cheeks and scraped at the thin film of soap that now caked the entire inside of her mouth.

Vanilla waited patiently until Rouge finally straightened up to look at her. Feeling embarrassed, Rouge reached to stuff the handkerchief in her back pocket, only to find that her leggings were still tugged down across her ankles, and felt even more embarrassed. Finally, Rouge stuffed the handkerchief into her bosom, and poked it down out of sight. “Ahem…I take it I’m getting a paddling, ma’am?”

Vanilla nodded. “Yes, but first I want to make sure you understand why. You also went after the Chaos Emeralds, on your own, just like Amy. You got into that absurd fight with her, and you attacked Gemerl without provocation. I think you deserve the exact same number of strokes Amy got. But, have you anything to say in your defense?”

“Well, I wasn’t going after the Chaos Emeralds for no good reason. I’ve collected them before, for important clients.”

“Oh, like Dr. Robotnik?”

Rouge was incensed. “Hey! I was never really working for Eggman! I was a double agent for G.U.N.”

Vanilla nodded. “I see. I apologize for suggesting otherwise. I only heard about the Space Colony ARK incident after the fact. You’ll have to tell me the whole story sometime.”

Rouge relaxed slightly. She would have felt flattered, if not for the fact her exposed, aching ass acted as a constant reminder of her bruised ego. “Well…I will! I’m perfectly capable of protecting

a Chaos emerald. The President has trusted me with tracking down the Chaos Emeralds in the past."

"Just not in the present."

Rouge shrugged. "...Not exactly, but the government has never expressly *forbidden* me from collecting the Chaos Emeralds, either."

"Has it occurred to you that some ideas are really bad ideas, regardless of what the Government does, or does not, tell you?"

Rouge looked around, and found no answers to this puzzler written on the walls of the woodshed. "Well, what's so bad about me protecting the Chaos Emeralds? Who better than an international jewel thief to keep a priceless gemstone safe?"

Vanilla blinked. "You're an international jewel thief?"

Rouge suddenly remembered the giant wall of spanking implements hanging right behind Vanilla. "*Ex*-international-jewel thief! Former! Pardoned! Reformed! My point is…I can be trusted to keep a Chaos Emerald out of the wrong hands!"

Vanilla hummed, her ears twitching. "Hmm...I agree. I think you're the perfect person to take responsibility for a Chaos Emerald. So, in that case, I'm willing to lighten your punishment. I will spare you five strokes of the paddle, on the condition that you promise to do whatever is necessary to keep the Chaos Emeralds safe."

Standing in her corner, Amy peeped curiously over her shoulder.

Rouge's ears and wings trembled with joy. "Yes! Of course! I promise!"

Vanilla smiled sweetly. "Excellent! In that case, why don't you show me those three Chaos Emeralds you were waving around earlier?"

Rouge giggled as she stuffed her hand down her bosom and produced a suspiciously large briefcase. She popped it open to reveal three Chaos Emeralds, held securely in place. "Oh, these babies? Quite a magnificent collection, isn't it?"

"Exactly. I don't think it's a good idea for any young woman to carry around *three out of seven* of the most powerful objects in the universe. That's just asking for trouble. I said I thought you could be trusted to protect *a* Chaos Emerald. I'll find safe homes for the other two."

Rouge's smile froze as she put two and two together. "But…I found them! They were abandoned property. That means they belong to me!"

“But if we want to keep them from being used for evil, the safest thing to do is to store them at different locations. Didn’t you just promise me that you were willing to do whatever it took to keep the Chaos Emeralds out of the clutches of evil?”

“But I’m perfectly capable of doing that! Surely, if I can be trusted to keep one safe, I can just as easily keep three safe.”

“Perhaps you could. But for now, I think I’m only willing to trust you with one Chaos Emerald.”

Rouge gazed hungrily at the Chaos Emeralds. “Can…can I take the extra paddling, instead? Wouldn’t that prove how serious I am about keeping them…uh…keeping them *safe?”*

Vanilla shook her head. “It’s not about punishment. It’s about trust. You can’t change my mind by letting me spank you, any more than I can force you to change your mind by spanking you. You promised me you wanted to protect the Emeralds. What do you think is the safest place for them?”

Rouge swallowed, her hand hesitating as she reached for each of the Chaos Emeralds in turn, admiring their distinct colors. “Well…there have been quite a few badniks tracking me recently. Could you keep…this one…safe for me?”

With an expression that made it clear she’d far rather endure a long spanking, Rouge held out the Emerald for Vanilla, who scooped it up, and tucked it into the folds of her dress. “Of course. And the second one?”

Rouge took a trembling breath. “Vanilla, I think you should let me keep these two. I have two, distinct, fool-proof plans to keep them secret, and keep them safe. Eggman will never get his hands on them!”

Vanilla shook her head. “And where are these two hiding spots?”

“I can’t tell you. It’s a secret. That’s the whole point.”

Vanilla’s nose twitched. “Are you trying to be funny?”

Rouge shook her head. “No. But if you don’t trust me, then I won’t argue. I’ll just have to wait until I’ve earned your trust.”

Rouge didn’t hesitate as she took the second Chaos Emerald and handed it to Vanilla. Vanilla examined her reflection in the gem. “Amy told me about how you stood between her and danger during the first part of your silly little fight. I think you can be trusted to keep track of two gems.”

Slowly, deliberately, Vanilla handed the Chaos Emerald back to Rouge.

Rouge looked at the second Chaos Emerald with disbelief, before quickly returning it to the briefcase and stuffing it down her bra. “Yes! Trust! I love trusting people! We should all do trust falls after…after my spanking.”

Vanilla giggled, then held up the wooden paddle. “Oh dear, I’d almost forgotten. Well, Miss Rouge the Bat, since you’ve shown a remarkable improvement in your attitude since your first spanking, I’m willing to let you off with fifteen strokes of the paddle. Does that sound fair to you, Amy? You got twenty after all.”

Amy shook her head. “Yes, Mrs. Vanilla. That makes sense. I don’t want Rouge to get any more swats than she has to.”

Vanilla gestured to the chair. “Thak you for understanding, Amy. In that case, Miss Rouge, you may…assume the angle.”

…

Barry the Quokka swallowed as he got an eyeful of Rouge the Bat’s red bottom through the key hole. “Oh man, now Mrs. Vanilla’s gonna paddle the bratty bat girl!”

Honey the Squirrel shoved to take his spot at the key hole. “My turn!”

“Huh? Hold on, I just started my turn!”

Honey whistled as she watched Rouge bend over to assume the position for her paddling. “Buddy got to watch Amy’s hand spanking, and you got to watch Amy’s paddling. It’s my turn. Isn’t that right, Buddy?”

Buddy the Fox tensed as he overheard the tell-tale, echoing, “WHOP!” that announced the beginning of Rouge’s paddling. “Uh…sounds fair to me…”

Barry scowled as he pressed his eye against the thin crack in the door. “Ugh! Why do you have to side with the girl?”

Buddy opened his mouth, but when he heard a second crack of the paddle, followed by Rouge’s trailing cries, he shut his mouth with a snap.

Honey clicked her tongue as she watched intently through the keyhole, her hands folded neatly behind her back. “Tut, tut, you two. If you don’t hush, we’re sure to get caught!”

…

Rouge howled, and clutched her bottom with both hands. She could practically feel the long, straight edged mark left by the paddle as it slowly rose across the flesh of her lower buttocks. “Yeeeaaaiiiieeee! Noooo! No more!”

Vanilla placed one hand on the small of Rouge’s back, then slapped Rouge across the thighs with the paddle. “Hands down, Rouge. If you disobey again, I’m adding the five strokes back to your total.”

Rouge’s hands shook as she gripped her bottom tighter. “Yes, ma’am! I’ll obey ma’am.”

Vanilla waited, but Rouge’s hands stayed firmly in place. “Brave words, Miss Rouge. But actions speak louder than words…” Vanilla stroked the paddle gently along Rouge’s lower bottom, “Obey, now.”

With an effort, Rouge tore her hands away from her bottom, and gripped the seat. “Th-three, ma’am! Thank you, ma’am!”

As Rouge looked furtively over her shoulder, she saw Vanilla shaking her head. “I know you can do better than that, Miss Rouge. That stroke doesn’t count.”

“B-but…”

Vanilla tapped Rouge’s bottom with the paddle. “Would you prefer to start over from the beginning?”

“No, ma’am!”

“Then you’d do well to make an effort. Let’s try giving you something to help you concentrate. Grit your teeth, then repeat after me: ‘I have been a bad girl. And I deserve this spanking!’”

Rouge swallowed, then answered meekly. “...I’ve been a bad girl...And I deserve this spanking.”

Vanilla landed a firm stroke of the paddle. “Now, count three.”

Rouge grimaced, then hissed. “Ssshh! …Three, ma’am. Thank you, ma’am.”

Vanilla pressed the paddle gently against Rouge’s caboose, letting her feel the rising heat. “Every time you’re tempted to think about your poor little bottom, how badly it smarts, and how dearly you want the spanking to stop, instead, I want you to repeat those words to yourself. Again. ‘I have been a bad girl. And I deserve this spanking.’”

Rouge whined as she shuffled her feet, then mumbled the words as instructed. “Aaaaw…mmm…I’m a bad girl. And I deserve this spanking.”

Rouge's eyes popped open as she felt the impact of the paddle, but she caught herself from being sent flying up and over the chair. "Yeeeoooowww! …Four, ma'am…thank you, ma'am!"

Rouge and Vanilla quickly fell into a steady pattern. After Rouge caught her breath, she would repeat the words from memory. The moment Rouge was finished, Vanilla would deliver the next stroke. Rouge's voice gradually became more strained, and sometimes she mixed up the exact words, but the ritual had exactly the effect Vanilla had hoped for. Before each and every spank, Rouge had time to mentally and physically prepare herself. Rouge endured the next six strokes without struggling, but by the eleventh she was reaching her limit. "Eeeeyaaiiiieeeee! Eeee…eleven, ma'am! Crap!"

Vanilla used a quick flick of her wrist to snap the paddle across Rouge's sore behind. "I've warned you once about using the word 'Crap,' under my roof. The next time I hear it, you will receive an additional spanking, along with a mouth-washing."

Rouge flinched as she felt the warning tap, her knees knocking. "Yes, ma'am. Sorry, ma'am!"

Vanilla rubbed soft circles across Rouge's bottom with the paddle. "Good. Now, remember to say thank you. Then, when you're ready, you know what to do."

Rouge nodded as she caught her breath, and struggled to remember her words. "Yes, ma'am!...Thank you, ma'am! …Phew…I'm a b-bad girl…and I need a spa-spanking…"

Rouge had a feeling she didn't get the words exactly right, but Vanilla was satisfied, and delivered the next stroke without further lecturing. Rouge counted the twelfth stroke, and remembered her thank you. After two more strokes, Rouge gradually broke down into uncontrolled tears, gasping the words between racking sobs. Rouge trembled uncontrollably before she repeated her words, and accepted the fifteenth and final stroke. After the paddle landed, Rouge hopped in place, then sank to her knees. "Fuh-fifteen, ma'am! Thank you, ma'am!"

As she noticed she'd technically left her position, Rouge's eyes popped open, and she twitched back up to grip the chair. "Sorry, ma'am!"

Vanilla pressed the paddle against Rouge's backside. "Why do you say you're sorry?"

Rouge swallowed. "Be-because I flinched again."

"Do you need another spanking to remind you to hold still during a spanking?"

Two fresh tears spilled down Rouge's already wet cheeks as she twisted to look at Rouge. "I…I think I've been a bad girl. And I deserve to be spanked. Please, Mrs. Vanilla, give me the five extra strokes you promised me."

Vanilla raised an eyebrow. She hadn't planned on giving Rouge any additional strokes, if she could help it. "Oh? I'm quite satisfied that you've been thoroughly spanked. Are you sure?"

Rouge nodded, glancing at Amy in the corner. "I don't think it's fair that I get fewer strokes than Amy, for making the same mistake. I should have known better than to go hunting after Chaos Emeralds alone, without clearance from HQ."

Vanilla stroked Rouge's back, then secured her grip on Rouge's waist. "In that case, I propose I give you five quick swats, so you can get this over with. No need to repeat your words, or your count. Just take a deep breath, and tell me when you're ready."

Rouge exhaled, then steeled herself, gritting her teeth. "Ready, ma'am!"

Vanilla popped the paddle across Rouge's aching bottom five times, in quick succession. To Rouge's displeasure, she noticed every swat still had plenty of weight behind it, but it was over so quick, it was as if her brain registered it as one, big, final spanking, rather than five.

Rouge seethed, her breath shaky. "...Thank you, ma'am!"

"You're welcome, Miss Rouge. That was a heroic effort. Now…up you get. Amy? Come join us. Both of you, put your hands behind your head."

Amy and Rouge obeyed, looking nervously askance at one another. They both felt the cool air keenly against their glowing, red-hot rears.

Vanilla settled herself into the chair with a contented sigh. Vanilla was so tall, that she was still at eye level with the other two when seated. "First, let's discuss my expectations for the rest of the week. I don't believe either of you are bad girls at heart. You're both good girls, who made bad decisions. But there is still a price to pay for those decisions. This week, you will be doing plenty of chores around Floral Forest Village, starting with cleaning up the debris left by your…altercation. Do you agree that's fair?"

Amy and Rouge both nodded. "Yes, ma'am."

Vanilla stood, towering over both of them. "Secondly, you will be guests in my home this week. I expect you to be polite, and set a good example for Cream and the other neighbor children…including the language you use."

Vanilla caught Rouge's eye as she added the last phrase, pointedly. "As long as you are living under my roof, I will treat you with the same respect and consideration I owe to my own daughter. That includes administering discipline, when needed. Now, Amy dear, do you recall what kind of behavior earns you a bedtime spanking, in my home?"

Amy clutched the back of her head, her memory as just keen as the sting in her keister. “Yes, Mrs. Vanilla. We get bedtime spankings for doing something dangerous. Anything that endangers ourselves, or others.”

Rouge looked befuddled. “A…bedtime spanking? How’s that different from any other spanking?”

Vanilla’s ears flopped as she turned to look at Rouge. “It’s not all that different. A bedtime spanking is, as the name suggests, delivered immediately before bedtime. It’s meant to act as reinforcement. A keen reminder to take greater care of your one, precious life. For that reason, I’ll be giving you both a bedtime spanking tonight. Any objections?”

Amy and Rouge both shook their heads. Privately, Rouge was squirming at the thought of yet another spanking, but something about the sensation of a freshly spanked bottom reminded her to be polite. “No, ma’am!”

Vanilla looked at Rouge with a wry smile, then turned her attention to Amy. “Very good. Now, Amy, both you and Rouge earned a bare-bottomed spanking today. Could you explain to Miss Rouge what kind of behavior merits a bare bottom?”

Amy inhaled sharply. “Yes, ma’am. Any deliberate disobedience, defiance, or disrespect equals a spankin’ on our bare butts.”

“Correct. Now, here is my dilemna…ordinarily, I insist that a bare bottom must remain fully bare until the spanking is finally over. The point is to give you a constant, sobering reminder of the penalty for willfulness. But since your bedtime spanking signals the final end of your punishment…that means this spanking isn’t over yet. Do you understand what that means?”

Amy and Rouge’s eyes nearly bugged out of their sockets. Rouge stammered. “You’re…you’re going to make us walk home…like this?”

Amy’s lip trembled. “But…everyone will see our…uh, our fannies! You’d never…I mean, you always say a spanking should be a private affair, if possible!”

Vanila tapped her foot. “Yes. If possible. The two of you already made quite a spectacle of yourselves in public. Perhaps I should make an exception, and let our neighbors see precisely what happens to naughty young ladies who start pointless fights…”

Amy and Rouge froze. They might have resembled statues, except for their quivering hindquarters.

Vanilla looked down on them from on high, like a queen, before she finally cracked a buck-toothed smile. “On the other hand…the point of this spanking is to teach you girls humility, not degrade you. Seems I’ll have to make an exception after all. For the sake of your modesty, I

won't insist that your bottoms remain bare until the spanking is completely over…just this once. You may stay dressed, until it's time for your last spanking of the day, right before bedtime."

Tears of gratitude sprang to Amy and Rouge's eyes as they both stammered. "Yes'm! Thank you!"

Vanilla held up a finger. "Hold on. Let's get one thing straight. You girls are on probation. If I have to deal with any more fighting, or obstinance, or foul language in public today, I won't hesitate to spank you in public. The dignity of privacy is a privilege, not a right. Do I make myself clear?"

Amy bounced up and down on her heels. "Yes, Mrs. Vanilla!"

Rouge's breasts heaved as she finally managed to exhale. "Clear as crystal…ma'am."

Vanilla gestured to Rouge's leggings and Amy's panties. "In that case, why don't you two make yourselves decent? It's too late for morning tea, and we've missed lunch, but if we hurry, I think we'll have time for a snack and afternoon tea."

…

Honey the Squirrel's red fur stood on end as she saw Amy and Rouge rush to get dressed. "Shoot! They're wrapping up! We've gotta get out of—"

Honey turned to find her mother standing right behind her…and neither of the boys. "Huh? Where did they–"

"Honey Catalina Squirrel, what on earth are you doing here, young lady?"

"Uh…I wanted to ask Mrs. Vanilla something?"

"Oh? And what is that, precisely?"

Honey shifted on her feet, rubbing her hands together. "Well…you see…"

The door popped open behind Honey, and Mrs. Vanilla towered over her. Amy and Rouge were smiling sweetly, but when they noticed Honey, their smiles were quickly replaced by looks of horror and rage.

Mrs. Squirrel crossed her arms. "Honey, even when you're in trouble, you can still choose to tell the truth."

Honey hung her head. "Sigh…Hello, Mrs. Vanilla. I was gonna ask you how bad a spanking I should get for playing Peeping Tom on Amy and the bat lady getting spanked."

Mrs. Vanilla shook her head. “I see. That was quite a naughty trick to play on them. Why don’t you start by apologizing to Miss Amy and Miss Rouge?”

Honey squirmed as she tried to look them each in the eye in turn. “I’m sorry, Amy. Sorry, Miss…Battenrouge Lady.”

Rouge flashed her vampiric teeth. “Sorry? You think you can just say you’re sorry and we’ll just–”

Amy smiled softly. “I forgive you, Honey.”

Rouge rounded on Amy, then glanced at Vanilla, and finally groaned. “Ugh…It’s okay, kid. I forgive you.”

Mrs. Squirrel huffed. “Hrmm! Thank you, young ladies. I promise you that Honey is going to be spanked, smartly and soundly, for snooping on you. Any recommendations, Mrs. Vanilla?”

“Do you still have that wooden spoon I loaned you?”

Mrs. Squirrel produced the implement. “I was just on my way to return it to you. It worked such wonders on improving Honey’s attitude, I thought I wouldn’t need it anymore…but would you mind if I borrowed it for another week?”

“It’s no trouble at all. And, of course, feel free to make use of the shed.”

Mrs. Squirrel beamed as she scooped up a nervous-looking Honey. “I’ll take you up on that!”

Vanilla put a hand on Amy and Rouge’s shoulder. “And never forget…even when you have to give a child a spanking, you must always do it with love!”

Mrs. Squirrel snorted, but at the sight of her nervous daughter, her expression softened somewhat. “You hear that, Honey? You have a spanking coming. But before we begin, I want you to know that I love you, even when you do something wrong.”

Honey sank into her mother’s embrace. “Yes, Mommy. I’m sorry I was bad. I’ll try to be brave for my spanking.”

Mrs. Squirrel kissed Honey on the forehead. “Good girl. Now, if you’ll excuse us…”

Honey and Mrs. Squirrel disappeared behind the woodshed door.

Vanilla cradled her cheek against her palm. “Poor little dear. I hope she learns from this ordeal. Come along, ladies. Let’s give them some privacy.”

Rouge grumbled as she marched along behind Vanilla. “More courtesy than she gave us.”

Vanilla gave Rouge a very particular sort of look. Somehow, it reminded Rouge of the deep, lingering sting across her very sore bottom. “...As we should. Always be patient with children, when they err.”

As they left the woodshed behind, they could make out the tell-tale, musical sound of a wooden spoon smacking against a certain squirrel girl’s backside, followed by Honey’s plaintive cries. But the noise quickly faded behind them as they approached Vanilla’s cottage.

The front door creaked open, slightly ajar. Cream the Rabbit peeped from behind it, Cheese the Chao nuzzled on top of her head. “Mommy? Are you all done spanking Miss Amy and Miss Rouge?”

“For now. They’re both getting a bedtime spanking. But they also did a good job accepting their punishment, so we’ll say no more about it. Cream, Cheese, would you two be my little helpers, please? Put on a kettle of water for tea. I’ll make sandwiches.”

Cream twirled a pirouette. “Oh! Afternoon tea on the porch? And it’s such a perfect day for it, too!”

Cheese the Chao chirped, in his distinctive Chao language. “Chao, chao!”

After Cream and Cheese dashed away, Vanilla turned to her other two charges. “Miss Amy, would you clean away what’s left from this morning’s tea? Miss Rouge, why don’t you set out another two chairs.”

Amy smiled. Even with the knowledge that she still had a spanking coming later, Amy finally felt like she was being restored to the status of being a good girl in Vanilla’s eyes. “We’re happy to help, Mrs. Vanilla!”

Rouge shrugged. “...Chairs? Uh, will Amy and I really need ‘em? I might prefer to stand.”

Vanilla clicked her tongue, but without a hint of her earlier disapproval. “Tsk, tsk! If you do that, everyone will know at once the reason why. There are two downy cushions on the couch. They should make sitting down a little more comfortable. Now, if you’ll excuse me…”

Vanilla sang a sweet tune as she made her way to the kitchen, and prepared sandwiches. After a long, disastrous morning, she would finally have a moment to enjoy a relaxing cup of red vanilla tea.

Rouge felt her bottom twinge slightly as she fetched the chair and set it by the patio table. Then settled herself experimentally onto the feathery cushion. “Hmm…this isn’t too bad.”

Amy frowned as she balanced a plate and silverware on each arm. “I could use some help, ya know.”

Rouge groaned as she tried to stand up. “Yeah, yeah, sure.”

As Rouge stood, she rocked the chair back, and accidentally jabbed Amy’s foot with a leg of the chair.

Amy squealed and jumped like a rabbit, dropping all the dishes and cutlery as she bounced on one foot. “Yow! Watch it, you clutz!”

Rouge rocked dangerously on the chair as she pulled up her legs to avoid the falling forks and plates. Unfortunately, this meant she rested all her weight on her smarting backside, which not even the cushion could cushion. “Yeeeee! You watch it, prickle-puss! You nearly skewered my foot with a fork!”

Amy rolled her eyes as she gestured to her injured foot. “Oh, I *nearly* skewered your foot? Look what you *actually* did to my foot!”

“Well, them’s the breaks, pretty pinky princess.”

Amy jabbed a finger in Rouge’s bosom. “Batt butt!”

Rouge’s boobies jiggled with pure, unbridled fury. “Panty-shot!”

“Vamp tramp!”

Vanilla appeared at the door. “Girls? Did something break? I heard a–”

CRASH!

Amy Rose and Rouge the Bat tackled each other, at precisely the same time, knocking over the patio table. Forks and spoons went flying as they grappled, and both snatched up a plate to use as a weapon of opportunity. Both girls smashed a plate over the other’s head at precisely the same time, then howled as they clutched their skills.

Vanilla held up her hands. “Girls! Stop this awful fighting! At once!”

Amy and Rouge dove at each other, kicking, biting, and scratching, knocking the patio table down the stairs, before they both rolled off the porch…and right into Mrs. Vanilla’s prize winning rose bushes. As the thorns jabbed them on all sides, Amy and Rouge hopped into the air, before flopping right back down onto the jagged thorns, bottoms first.

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Honey sniffled as she returned her mother's hug. "Thank you for spanking me, Mommy. I won't do it again."

"I hope so, Honey. You are forgiven." After a final squeeze, Mrs. Squirrel helped Honey dry her eyes, and they both marched out of the woodshed.

The moment they stepped out, they were greeted by a strange sight. A crowd had gathered in front of Vanilla and Cream's cottage. As Honey and her mother approached, and nudged past their neighbors, they spotted Vanilla and Cream first. Vanilla was seated on the front porch, while Cream stood to the side holding a first aid kit tight to her chest.

Honey looked around at her gathered neighbors, before spotting Barry and Buddy. "Huh? What's all this about?"

Barry sniggered. "See for yourself!"

Then Honey finally noticed. There were two, young ladies, both bent sharply across Vanilla's lap. Amy Rose and Rouge the Bat's beet-red faces were resting low to the ground, their weight supported on their elbows, while their beet-red backsides were poking high in the air behind them.

Honey's first thought was that Vanilla was delivering yet another spanking, but then she noticed Vanilla carefully examining the girl's bottoms, holding a magnifying glass in one hand, and a pair of tweezers in the other. "Ah, here's another one…Hold still, Little Miss *Rogue.*"

Vanilla put a hint of extra emphasis on the last word as she mispronounced Rouge's name. Then Vanilla pinched a thorn in Rouge's backside, and pulled it free with a soft, "Ploink!"

Rouge howled. "Yow! Not so rough!"

"Don't be absurd, Miss Rouge. It has to be a quick, clean tug, or there's no point. Amy, you've got a few more. Steady now…"

Amy squealed as she felt the pinch, her bottom quivering as a thorn was pulled free. "Eeee! I'm sorry, Mrs. Vanilla!"

"Of course you're sorry *now*, Amy, dear. But you weren't sorry enough to amend your behavior. Now all that's left is to endure til the end. Vanilla, hand me the iodine. I want to sterilize these pin pricks."

Rouge scrunched her mouth. "Iodine? But that's going to sting like mad!"

Vanilla shook her head. “We can’t risk you getting an infection, Miss Rouge. The iodine may burn and sting, but I think that’s the least of your worries. Think of it as a warm up for…well, the next warm up.”

With that, Vanilla doused a white cloth with iodine and began to apply it to Rouge’s backside. Rouge sucked in a sharp breath, and hissed. Vanilla applied a second dose, leaving Rouge’s entire bare behind damp and glistening. Honey could have sworn she heard a faint sizzling sound as the iodine took its toll.

Knowing she was next, Amy’s wriggled as she saw Vanilla prepare a second cloth. “Mrs. Vanilla, please…can’t we do this inside? Eep!”

Vanilla shook her head as she applied the iodine to Amy’s bottom. “That ship has sailed, Miss Rose. I’m nipping this behavior in the bud…”

Vanilla planted a firm slap on both the girl’s bottoms, first Amy, then Rouge. “...Or, rather, I’m nipping it in the *butt!* I think that’s the last of the thorns…Finally, we may bring this matter to a close.”

Buddy raised his hand. “Aren’t you going to, uh, spank them?”

Vanilla narrowed her eyes. “Don’t be dense. *Of course* I am going to spank them. But why are you so interested, young man?”

Buddy fumbled with his glasses. “Just curious.”

Vanilla spun around on her chair, adjusting the angle so that Amy and Rouge’s backsides were on full display for the gathered crowd. “Well, I won’t keep you curious for long. These two young ladies have behaved very poorly today. And now they’re going to serve as an example of exactly what happens to naughty little girls. I had already planned to give them a good smacking, and bring them by to each of your houses later this week to apologize. But since practically everyone in Floral Forest Village is here now, we might as well get started making things right. These two are getting a long, hard, and long-overdue spanking, right now. Amy, Rouge, what do you have to say to everyone?”

Amy and Rouge shouted, with desperation in their voices. “We’re sorry! We’re sorry!”

Vanilla landed two crisp claps, one across each bare bottom. “Are you really sorry? I’m not quite sure I believe you. Be more convincing.” Vanilla began to deliver steady spanks to both girls’ bottoms, in a steady one-two-one-two pattern. Amy and Rouge wailed and spluttered out a variety of pleas and promises, along with a mix of sorrows and supplications. But Vanilla only carried on the slow, steady spanking, building the pace gradually. Once both girls noticed the punishment was not pausing for further lecturing, they quickly broke down into fresh cries of anguish. By then, Vanilla had built the rhythm of the spanking to a furious, lightning-fast pace.

When Vanilla finished, both girls were weeping softly, and the crowd watched with a mix of sympathy, terror, stunned approval, and a hint of amusement on the gathered faces. Vanilla took a deep breath. “Stand up, girls. Hands behind your heads.”

The moment Amy and Rouge rose to their feet, wincing, Vanilla pinched them both by the ear and whispered so only they could hear. “Now, you girls have both made an ass of yourself today, but you can start to make things right, starting right now. Turn around and look these folks in the eye. That way, when you say you’re sorry, they’ll know you really mean it.”

Amy and Rouge blushed furiously as they glanced down at their naked waists. Rouge swallowed, a bead of sweat trickling down her forehead and she glanced at the crowd behind her. “But, we’re not…you know…wearing anything, down there!”

Vanilla shrugged. “And what of it? The boys don’t seem to mind.”

Rouge grimaced, then slowly turned to face the crowd. Pleased, Vanilla released her hold on Rouge’s ear, then turned her attention to Amy. But Amy forgot to keep her hands behind her head, and thrust her hands forward to cover herself. “Please, Mrs. Vanilla! Not this! Anything but this!”

Vanilla shook her head as she looked Amy in the eyes, before pulling Amy’s hands up and folding them behind her head. “Amy, I love you like my own daughter. And that’s why I have to hold you accountable. It’s time to face the music.”

Amy’s lip trembled, as she nodded. “...Yes, mommy…muh-ma’am! I love you. I’m sorry you have to spank me!”

Vanilla gently stroked the bottom of Amy’s chin. “I forgive you, Amy. Now turn around and tell everyone what you have to say.”

With a shuddering breath, Amy turned to face the crowd. In the end, Amy and Rouge ended up recounting the whole, sordid tale of their misadventures. A few curious children in the crowd kept raising their hands, hungry for more details of the spankings in the woodshed. Once Amy and Rouge had finished making their pleas for forgiveness, they were surprised when the gathered crowd clapped softly for them. Vanilla appeared behind them, wrapping an arm to support each of them by the shoulder. “That was a beautiful apology, girls. We’re almost finished. Starting tomorrow, these two will be doing clean up around Floral Forest village, to pay for the damage they did. If you can think of any chores that need doing, don’t hesitate to ask. If you catch them slacking off, or if they give you any trouble…just let me know. Amy, Rouge, if I don’t hear good reports this week, you’ll spend the last day of your community service getting spanked from dawn til dusk, right over there, in the community square. Understood?”

Amy and Rouge glanced nervously at the spot, and noticed a wooden platform meant for local gatherings and village events. At the moment, it was strangely reminiscent of a gallows.

After promising to do their best, both girls were instructed to turn and kneel on the wooden steps to Vanilla's cottage, fully naked. This meant Vanilla's porch practically provided a picture frame, perfectly presenting the two poor, punished posteriors to public ponderance.

After dismissing the crowd, politely, Vanilla began to set up the table and chairs, which had been knocked off the porch in the tussle. In the end, she settled on putting them on the sidewalk, right in front of her porch, so that she could keep a close eye on Amy and Rouge.

As the crowd started to disperse, Honey the squirrel sighed, and pinched Barry and Buddy. "Well, look who it is. My two favorite chickens."

The boys stiffened, then turned to face Honey, looking ashamed. Buddy cleaned his glasses. "Sorry we ran out on you, Honey."

Barry was looking at the clouds, before Buddy elbowed him to get his attention. Barry cleared his throat. "Yeah, you didn't deserve that."

Honey held up a hand. "Yes I did. And no worries, I didn't rat you out. Did I miss anything?"

Barry grinned. "You only missed a bit at the beginning. They fell into the rose bush and got every square inch of their booties covered in thorns."

"Sounds hilarious. I'm sorry I didn't get to see it."

Buddy glanced around, then pulled the flip phone from his pocket. "Well, what if there was a way you could…watch it all over from the beginning?"

Honey grinned. Buddy's phone was the latest model. It had an *actual* camera, which could record *actual* video, in glorious 240 pixel resolution. The three friends chuckled, as they rushed to find a secluded spot to watch the video all over from the beginning.

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As Cream stepped out of the front door, holding the tea kettle, she glanced down at Amy and Rouge, still kneeling on the steps for their timeout. Then Cream shuffled past them to reach the bottom of the stairs. "Mother? Have you forgiven Miss Amy and Miss Rouge yet? Oh, please, allow me to serve you."

Vanilla smiled as Cream poured her a cup of tea. "Why thank you, dear. You're such a considerate host. And yes, I have forgiven them."

Cream leaned in close to whisper behind her hand. “In that case…would you like me to invite them to join us for our tea party?”

Vanilla stroked her chin, as she took in the sight of the two condemned lasses’ well-spanked asses. Amy and Rouge sensed they were becoming a center of interest, and stiffened, wondering if more spanking might be coming.

Vanilla patted Cream on the head, and gestured to the cushioned seat next to her. “I think those two still need a little time to think about their behavior, and reflect on what they need to do to make things right. Why don’t we have a quiet tea time together today? Just me, and you?”

“And Cheese an’ Chocola? And Mr. Gemerl?”

“It wouldn’t be a tea party without their company.”

“I’ll go invite them right away!”

Cream paused at the door, then turned to look at Amy and Rouge’s sorrowful faces. “Um, Mommy, are you sure you’re not still mad at them?”

Vanilla took a dainty sip of tea. She took a long, satisfied glance at both Amy Rose’s and Rouge the Bat’s bright red rears. “How can I possibly stay mad at them? After all, the poor dears still have a bedtime spanking coming tonight!”

That afternoon, Vanilla and Cream enjoyed a delightful tea party with Cheese and Chocola. It was the most relaxing tea time Vanilla could remember having in years!

[End of Chapter 3]

Red Rears for Rose and Rouge:
Chapter 4: Manners Maketh Mobians
By Yu May

Cream the Rabbit elegantly filled a tea cup with hot water. “Would you care for a cup of tea, Mr. Gemerl?”

Gemerl’s glass eyes flickered. “Does not compute. Tea is defined as a beverage consisting of hot water, poured over cured or fresh leaves, and allowed to steep. Yet I possess no apparatus for the consumption of liquid beverages, and although my outer shell is constructed to make me fully waterproof up to a depth of 1,000 fathoms, my internal electronic systems could suffer damage from direct exposure to liquid, and pose a threat of electrical fire to others.”

Cream sighed. “Oh my, I certainly don’t want that, but…wouldn’t it be fun to *pretend* to have a lovely cup of tea?”

Gemerl’s eyes shone. “Processing…Miss Cream spends a statistically significant length of her unstructured free time playing a game in which she pretends to host ‘Delightful_Tea_Parties,’ with various stuffed animals designated as ‘Party_Guests.’ Hypothesis, you wish me to play the game designated as Delightful Tea Party…with you?”

Mrs. Vanilla, giggled warmly. “Well, we were rather hoping to have a *real* delightful tea party with you, Mr. Gemerl, because *you* are a delight. But if you only pretend to drink the tea, I promise we won’t be offended.”

“Acknowledged. In that case…” Gemerl’s eyes flashed, and his voice suddenly became less robotic. “Thank you for inviting me, Miss Cream, and Mrs. Vanilla. I would be honored to have tea with you.”

Gemerl held up the tea cup, which contained only steamed water, and made a whirring sound, as if sipping. “Contended sigh. This tea is simply delicious.”

Mrs. Vanilla glanced around, taking in all the delightful sights and sounds of a perfect late-summer afternoon in Floral Forest Village…

…Well, all except for the unsightly debris left by the tumultuous battle in the forest this morning. Vanilla sighed and turned to find the two-trouble makers right where she’d left them.

Sure enough, Amy Rose and Rouge the Bat were still kneeling on their knees for timeout, their hands behind their heads, and their bright-red, bare bottoms on display for all the world to see. Amy and Rouge’s damaged outfits had been folded neatly on the top stairs, waiting teasingly for the two naked miscreants to be released. Vanilla clicked her tongue. “Which reminds me…Mr. Gemerl, are you suffering any injuries from the altercation this morning?”

Gemerl shook his head on a swivel. “All internal systems are fully operational. Primary battery power at 2.004%. Emergency battery power at 100%. External armor has suffered impact damage in several places. Recommendations: 1. Allow full recharge of internal battery. 2. Replace dented back plate armor to restore full defensive integrity. 3. Optional: request friend designated ‘Miles_Tails_Prower’ to buff out superficial scratches and dings, and provide a new paint job.”

Mrs. Vanilla looked deep into Gemerl’s eyes. “You’re not going to try and badger Tails into giving you those absurd hot-rod flames again, are you?”

Gemerl pretended to take another dainty sip of tea. “Accessing memory. Did we not previously agree it was my decision to purchase a custom paint job, on condition that I pay for it from my own finances?”

Mrs. Vanilla sighed. “Yes, Gemerl. It is your decision. I’m sorry for pestering you.”

Gemerl nodded. “Thank you, Mrs. Vanilla. Upon reflection, I decided that I do not need custom hot-rod flames to test the status of my free-will sub routines. A superficial paint job bears no logical relation to my desire to be ‘more cool’ and ‘an individual.’ Rather…” Gemerl stood, and raised his fist, his eyes blazing with righteous fire. “I shall rededicate myself to my chosen primary mission: to defend all life on earth, and stand against the evil forces of Dr. Eggman!”

Vanilla patted Gemerl’s back. “I think that’s an admirable decision, Gemerl.”

Cream hugged his chest. “And whenever you need a rest from fighting, please remember, you always have a home here, with our family!”

A drop of lubricant leaked from Gemerl’s eye. “Yes, Miss Cream…home…family…thank you both for helping me comprehend these concepts more fully.”

Vanilla surreptitiously handed Gemerl a handkerchief so he could dry his eyes. Then she started to clean up the remains of afternoon tea. “You’re welcome, Gemerl. And thank you for defending the Chaos Emerald this morning. Your efforts were heroic.”

“I am conflicted with my own programming. Though I refrained from using lethal force, my actions nevertheless caused damage to Floral Forest, and created additional risk of harm to the village residents.”

Vanilla patted Gemerl on the head. “Then learn from your experience, and try to be more careful next time. But the fact remains: you didn’t start that fight.”

“Acknowledged. Nevertheless, I wish to have words with Miss Rose and Miss Rouge.”

Vanilla raised an eyebrow, then gestured to the front porch. “Of course.”

Gemerl marched to face Amy Rose and Rouge the Bat. Neither of them dared to leave their kneeling position in timeout, but both shivered as they saw the silhouette of Gemerl’s shadow hovering over them. “Miss Amy Rose the Hedgehog and Miss Rouge the Bat! I wish to apologize for misidentifying you as enemy combatants. I hope that the battle has not left you with any irreparable damage. By my calculations, approximately 2% of the total damage to your lower-posteriors was caused by one of my energy blasts.”

At that precise moment, Amy and Rouge’s rear ends sure *felt* like they’d suffered irreparable damage, but after the spanking from Vanilla, the fight with Gemerl had been almost forgotten. Amy twisted to look up at Gemerl, looking shame-faced. “Please, don’t apologize, Mr. Gemerl. We were the only ones in the wrong, not you. I’m ashamed of how I acted. I knew you were Cream’s friend, but I was so obsessed with the Chaos Emerald…I completely forgot myself.”

Rouge glanced down at her aching buttocks, grimacing. “Yeah…I should have guessed you weren’t a badnik, right from the start. And attacking you while your guard was down was unforgivable on my part. Next time I go for your Chaos Emerald, I promise to never use those cheap tactics again.”

Vanilla cleared her throat, and tapped her foot, glaring at Rouge. “Ahem! *Next time*, Miss Rouge?”

Rouge tensed. “Oh…and I promise there won’t be a next time…I don’t think my poor bum could take it.”

Vanilla tapped Amy on Rogue on the shoulder, each in turn. “That’s more like it. Now, why don’t both of you stand and look Mr. Gemerl in the eye, so you can apologize properly? You are released from timeout, so no need to keep your hands on your head.”

Sheepishly, Amy and Rouge covered their fronts as they turned around. Painfully aware of her missing clothing, Amy whimpered, then whispered. “I’m so sorry, Mr. Gemerl.”

Rouge groaned, before finally tearing her eyes away from her folded clothing. “Yeah, me too. Why don’t we all just forgive and forget? And then we can get dressed!”

Vanilla pinched Rouge’s ear before she could turn away to snatch up her outfit. “Why don’t we wait to hear what Mr. Gemerl has to say first? Your laundry can wait.”

Gemerl bowed low at the waist. “Thank you. I forgive you both. Currently deleting all data classifying you as potential enemies…Deleted.”

Immediately, Gemerl’s eyes flashed red, and a panel opened on his metallic gauntlets to reveal a rocket. Wondering if they were about to be challenged to a battle royale while wearing their

birthday suits, Amy and Rouge tensed, their fur standing on end. Cream clutched tight to Vanilla's skirt. Vanilla only raised an eyebrow.

But only Gemerl pointed his armed-rocket-armed arm toward the horizon. "Alert! Robots bearing the insignia of the Eggman Empire have been spotted approaching Cocoa Island! Innocent lives are in peril! Mrs. Vanilla, with your permission, may I be excused from our family dinner, so that I may join the battle against the evil forces of Dr. Robotnik?"

Vanilla smiled, casually waving a hand. "Of course, Mr. Gemerl. You are excused. Hurry along!"

With a hiss of flame and steam, Gemerl activated the rocket propulsors in his metallic boots, and flew into the air and across the horizon. Vanilla sighed as she watched him disappear. "Such a responsible young man."

Vanilla beamed, then nodded to Amy and Rouge's folded outfits. "Amy, Rouge, that was a beautiful apology you offered to Mr. Gemerl. Now, as for these outfits, I'm afraid they're too damaged to do you girls much good. If I can find my sewing machine, I'll try to salvage them. We'll find you both some appropriate clothing soon enough. But for now…please carry your outfits to the laundry room, so I can give them a good wash."

Amy and Rouge blushed madly as they collected their clothing, before following Vanilla into the Rabbit-family cottage. They both whined a bit before placing their clothes in the washing machine, but the lingering soreness from their last spanking discouraged any argument.

Vanilla clapped her hands, as if she was dusting her gloves off. "That will do! Now, all that's left is to find you girls something fitting to wear for supper…but first, I want to review your situation. Think of this as a meeting with your parole officer, if you will."

Amy and Rouge stood at attention, still bare-booty-butt-naked. There was no mistaking the authoritative quality in Vanilla's voice. "I have forgiven you for the fight you started this morning, and for misbehaving during your spankings. However, I did warn you that the rule in this house is, when a naughty child earns a bare-bottom spanking, the bottom shall remain fully bare until the punishment is over. Therefore, since you still have a bedtime spanking coming tonight…I see no point in allowing you to hide those naughty little bottoms of yours. No sense covering them up, just to go through the whole process of uncovering them all over again, right before bed."

Rouge sucked in a sharp breath. "But…you said we could get dressed in the woodshed!"

"Yes. That was because I didn't want to add any needless humiliation to your situation. But then you girls managed to start a second fight, crush my prize-winning rose bushes under your booties, and embarrass yourselves in front of all our neighbors. So now I think an extra serving of humble pie is in order."

Amy went pale. “You’re not…gonna make us go out there…without our outfits? Oh, please, please, I’d just die if I’m caught in public without my Honey the Cat designer dress!”

“Well, what’s *left* of your Honey the Cat designer dress will need at least a few stitches if you don’t want it to fall off in public anyway. But not to fear, I’m sure I have some old dresses that you can wear tomorrow…but as for tonight…”

Vanilla reached into a laundry basket, and pulled out two aprons. “You’re going to start community service by helping me prep for dinner! We’re having company tomorrow, so we have to get baking! You’ll both need an apron!”

Amy felt a cold bead of sweat on her brow. “Company!??”

Rouge gnashed her vampiric bat teeth as she held the apron lightly against her chest, as if she couldn’t make up her mind whether she wanted it or not. “Apron?!?”

Amy suddenly registered the apron in her hands.

Rouge’s apron was decorated with a logo for the Sonic drive-through chain, and the words, “National Chilli Dog Cook-Off Champion: 2002.” Amy’s apron had a radical 1990’s logo and the words “Official Volunteer Cook of the Chaotix Detective Agency.”

Both aprons looked well-loved, and probably had been washed at least a thousand times.

Vanilla beamed as she pulled out a third apron, decorated with the simple slogan, “Kiss the Cook.” “That’s right! Some of my old friends from the Freedom Fighter days are having a reunion, and cousin Bonnie asked me to host! You’re lucky you got in trouble today, so we have time to get you proper dresses. Just imagine if you had to spend all day tomorrow, dressed in your birthday suits, in front of everyone!”

Amy’s knees wobbled. “Everyone? …Wait, the old Freedom Fighters? You mean…” Amy almost swooned. “...*Sonic…*will be *here?”*

“Assuming he doesn’t skip out at the last moment. That young man needs to slow down, and buy a calendar. Oh, and not just the old Freedom Fighters. I wasn’t even a Freedom Fighter myself. All I did was volunteer in the kitchens, but Bonnie was nice enough to invite me, along with a few new friends we’ve made over the years. Mr. Prower, of course…and Mr. Knuckles!”

As Rouge finished tying her apron, her eyes went wide. The two zeros in “2002” perfectly framed her massive boobs like two donuts. “Mr. Knuckles? …The Echidna?”

“Yes! Cream convinced him that he needs to get off his flying island once in a while. He’s such a stoic young man.”

In a daze, Amy started to tie her apron. As she glanced back in horror, she realized her bare, spanked bottom was still a cheerful cherry red. “But…you can’t let Sonic see me like this! It’s too cruel!”

Cream looked surprised, then patted them both on the shoulder. “Oh, Amy dear! Not to worry! I’d never dream of making you serve dinner half-naked…I promise you, we’ll have a perfectly modest outfit ready for both of you, before tomorrow. No one outside the family will be getting a gander at these wittle cutie booties…”

Vanilla patted them both gently, across their sore behinds. “...well, assuming you girls aren’t naughty enough to earn a trip across my knee while we still have company. But I’m sure you will both be on your best behavior! Now, trot along to the kitchen! I’m going to teach you how to make an upside-down carrot cake!”

Amy Rose and Rouge the Bat spent the rest of their afternoon in the kitchen. After getting a glimpse of Vanilla’s impressive collection of wooden spoons, spatulas, and bread paddles, both were determined to be as helpful as possible.

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“That’s good, Amy, use the knife to separate the cake from the pan…now, the trick is to flip it in one smooth motion…whoops!”

As Amy attempted to flip the carrot upside-down cake, her wrist wobbled at the last moment, and the cake flopped off the edge of the serving plate. “Oh no! I’m sorry, Mrs. Vanilla! Please, don’t spank me!”

Vanilla patted Amy’s head. “There, there, Amy, I’m not going to spank you just for flubbing a cake flip. This is why we practice, after all. Rouge, dear, have you checked your cake recently? It must be done by now.”

Rogue was leaning against the wall across from the oven, crossing her arms while wearing two pink, floral oven mitts. “Sheesh, whaddaya want from me? I put on the timer! It’s not like it’s going to catch fire if I take my eyes off it for one–”

Rogue froze as a wispy trail of smoke tickled her nose, before the fire alarm went off. Rouge threw open the oven door. Choking past a cloud of black smoke, she retrieved the flaming inferno that represented her cake.

Vanilla held up a hand to shield Amy. “Careful! Clear the way!”

As Rouge slammed down the charred remains of her cake, wheezing, Vanilla shut off the oven, and Amy activated the fan above the stove countertop. Rouge hacked up a puff of smoke, her voice gravely. “Ouf! What’s wrong with your stupid oven? Why didn’t the timer go off?”

Vanilla opened a window to wave out the last of the smoke. “The oven isn’t stupid, Miss Rouge…See? You set the duration for the timer, but forgot to actually press start.”

Rouge clenched her oven mitts in unbridled fury. “Start button? Why should I have to press a start button to…start a timer…” Rouge trailed off at the sight of Rouge towering over her, and felt a chill run up and down her spine, and right through her recently-spanked buttocks. “...I…I’m sorry, Mrs. Vanilla. Please don’t spank me again!”

Vanilla’s face was stern. “Oh? Do you perhaps have a guilty conscience? What makes you think you have a spanking coming?”

Rouge eyed the ashy remains of her work. “Uh, for burning the cake? But I’ll make a new one! A better one!”

Vanilla shook her head. “I wouldn’t have to spank you if this was just a matter of making a simple mistake.”

Rouge’s ears twitched, and her face sank. “...you *have* to spank me? So that means…”

Vanilla casually pulled on a second pair of thick oven mitts, then spun Rouge around. “Turn around, and bend over. Here, rest your hands on my arm for support. Now, stand on your tippie toes…Good, just like that!”

Rouge wobbled as she tried to maintain the precarious pose. “Huh? What is this? I can’t hold this silly pose!”

“Silly? Yes, that’s exactly the right word. You *should* feel silly right at this moment. Now stick that silly little bottom out for me. Try to arch your back a little.”

“But what’s this for? Aren’t you just gonna spank–”

Rouge tensed as Vanilla clapped her oven mitt sharply across Rouge’s bottom. “This isn’t just an ordinary spanking. It’s also an exercise in attentiveness. Pay attention, and I promise it will go easier for you, Miss Rouge. Keep your head held high, and try to imagine that, instead of serving me up the cake you were responsible for baking, you’re instead serving up that sassy little bottom of yours, on a silver platter.”

Rouge grimaced, but remembering her recent ordeal in the woodshed, she lifted her head high and arched her back to present her bottom as an easy target to Vanilla. Rogue’s concentration was broken by the sound of a girlish giggle. Rouge twisted to find Amy Rose stifling her laughter behind her hand. “Huh? Hey! This isn’t fun–”

Vanilla cut off Rouge's complaints with a second slap of the oven mitt. The soft material cushioned some of the force of the impact, but the rubber grips on the oven mit more than made up for that by adding just a hint of extra friction to the spank. Rouge felt all her previous welts, all painful mementos of her encounter with both the tawse and the paddle, flare to life. Rouge's voice warbled as she wailed, "Waalaahooo!"

Vanilla raised her oven mitt high. "See? You can maintain concentration just fine, when you have the proper motivation. Now, think more carefully. What did you do wrong?"

"I'm sorry I burned the cake!"

Vanilla answered with a firm whap, that successfully elicited a fresh cry from Rouge. "I'm not mad at you for burning the cake. I want you to think about what you did that caused you to burn the cake? What led up to that moment?"

Rouge's knees wobbled as she strained to maintain her position. "I'm sorry I forgot to start the timer!"

Vanilla delivered another solid swat. "That was a mistake, but I wouldn't be spanking you for such a simple mistake. It was partially my fault for not explaining how to start the timer. But after you started the oven, what did you do then?"

"I…I just zoned out and waited for it to go off!"

This time, Vanilla only patted Rouge's bottom playfully. "That's exactly right. But what I asked you to do was watch your cake, and pay attention. If you had done that, you'd have noticed it was done long before it scorched. So, with that in mind, do you understand now why you deserve to get this spanking, Miss Rouge?"

Rouge nodded furiously, sticking out her bottom in a valiant effort to demonstrate her obedient submissiveness, and maybe stop the spanking early. "Yes, ma'am! I didn't pay attention to my assignment!"

Vanilla landed a sound spank, no longer wearing kid gloves, though still wearing the terrible oven mit. "Exactly. And there was one more thing you forgot to watch, that might have kept you out of trouble. Does anything else occur to you?"

Rouge bit her lip, gripping tight to Vannila's arm. "Uh…I forgot to watch my big mouth?"

Vanilla stroked Rouge's bottom again, adding a light squeeze. Rouge would have felt relieved, if the lighted touch of the oven mitt wasn't enough to make the lingering welts all across her bottom scream in protest. "Precisely! Your bad attitude is what earned you an extra-long, extra-hard, extra-good spanking in the woodshed today. And it's also what landed you tail-first in that thorny rose bush, and it's also what earned you *another* bare-bottomed spanking, and a

long timeout on the porch, in front of all the neighbors. Do you *want* another spanking, Miss Rouge?"

Quivering, Rouge shook her head, her voice breathy. "No, ma'am! No more spanking, please!"

But Vanilla gave Rouge another good spank anyway. "But do you *deserve* another spanking, Miss Rouge?"

Rouge nodded, tears spilling down her face. "Yes, ma'am! I…I'm a bad, bad, bat girl! And I deserve to be spanked!"

Vanilla sighed with relief, and patted Rouge's bottom to alert her the spanking was about to start in earnest. "That's right. Now, keep your head held high, along with your bottom. I always say, there's nothing quite like sticking out your *bottom* during a spanking, to teach *you* how to stick it out til the end of a spanking."

Sniveling, Rouge shakily held her position, determined to at least accept her spanking with some shred of dignity and class. But the moment she felt the next spank, Rouge threw back her head and wailed. "Mamaaaah!"

Satisfied that Rouge was already making excellent progress in fixing her attitude, Vanilla only delivered ten solid spanks, before straightening Rouge up. "There, that's more than enough to make the point."

Rouge buried her face in Vanilla's bosom, struggling to breathe between sobs. "...M-muh b-bad…girl…I'm bad…I screw…everything…up…I'm just a screw up!"

Vanilla embraced Rouge, gently stroking the back of her head. "Now, now…you're not a screw up. And you're not a bad girl, neither. You've been making some bad decisions. But you've also admitted your mistake, and accepted responsibility. It takes both courage, and maturity, to recognize you need to take accountability. You're a fine young woman, Miss Rouge."

Rouge clung tight to Vanilla, taking strange comfort from the sound of Vanilla's heartbeat. "Snnooork! …You really mean it? …sniff…You don't think I'm a bad influence?"

The tender moment was interrupted by the sound of Amy's fits of giggles. When Amy noticed Vanilla staring daggers at her, she literally wiped the smirk off her face, and started to whistle nervously. Vanilla sighed. "I think you and Amy *both* have a little growing up to do, that's all. But we can talk more about that tonight…when I come to *tuck you in* for bed. Amy, do you have anything you'd like to say to Miss Rouge? She's been having a trying day. I'm sure you can sympathize, given that you're in a similar boat."

As Amy suddenly remembered her coming bedtime spanking, the idea of spanking suddenly became less funny. “Er…I’m sorry you got spanked again, Miss Rouge. Maybe…we can save part of your cake?”

“An excellent suggestion. Come along, Miss Rouge, why don’t you try giving this a flip? I once taught Amy this trick when I burnt my bunny bundt cakes! First, separate it from the pan, and…”

As Rouge tried to flip the remains of her cake, it slapped onto the plate with a look of defeat. A few charred crumbles dribbled off the counter, and onto the floor. Sucking down a breath, Rouge quickly bent over to scoop up the debris. “I’m so sorry, Mrs. Vanilla! I’ll clean it up! Please don’t spank me!”

Vanilla giggled, and patted Rouge’s upturned bottom gently to get her attention. “There, there, Miss Rouge. I’d never spank you for a simple accident. Up you get, dear!”

As Vanilla set to work, Amy and Rouge pressed at either side of her to watch closely. Their red, spanked bottoms acted like two bookends on either side of Vanilla’s fluffy white rabbit tail.

…

Cream hummed to herself as she waited at the dinner table. Cheese and Chocola the Chao were seated in baby seats at either side of Cream, wearing bibs along with their bow ties.

Then, Amy emerged from the kitchen carrying a pitcher of lemonade, chatting over her shoulder as she walked. “...But *why* do I have to serve Sonic? I’m an official Freedom Fighter too! Can’t I just join the dinner, as a regular guest?”

Vanilla entered right behind Amy, balancing a tray of bowls, all filled with steaming carrot soup. “It’s your own fault for earning a whole week of being grounded, not mine for having guests this week. And even if you weren’t in trouble, you’d still have your share of chores to do, as long as I’m responsible for you.”

Amy set down the lemonade and held her hands out in supplication. “But can’t we just pause my grounding for one day? Then I’ll pay it off at the end of the week! Or do double chores later! But if you make me act like a waitress, everyone else is gonna know that–”

Vanilla set down her tray, and hushed Amy with a single finger. “I don’t want to hear any arguments, Miss *Amelia* Rose. You have incurred a debt to society, and part of paying off that debt will include serving others. I won’t force you to tell the whole, absurd tale of your rash misadventure, but if anyone asks…I expect you to give them a truthful answer.”

Rouge appeared at the doorway, carrying a tray of rubber children’s plates, complete with macaroni and cheese and broccoli. “Cream! Guess what? I made this for you all by my–”

But Rouge winced as she was interrupted by Amy's obnoxious groan. As Amy rounded on Vannilla, she put her hands on her hips, and rolled her eyes. "Ugh! But, *Vanilla….*Eep–"

Vanilla silenced Amy with a single, controlled pinch to the ear. "No more rolling your eyes, and no more backtalk. I'm sorry, Amy, but you've earned yourself another spanking."

Amy clutched her bottom with both hands. "Eeeek! Please no, Mrs. Vanilla! I'll serve dinner! I won't argue! I won't roll my eyes!"

Vanilla marched like a soldier, leading Amy into the kitchen. "Yes, you will serve dinner, and no, you won't be impolite. Because I'm going to reintroduce your bottom to my wooden spoon, to help remind you!"

Amy dug her fingers deep into her aching buttocks, wailing as she was led to her doom. "But…but my butt's already so sore! No moooooore! Baaaaw!"

Amy's pitiful wails were muffled slightly as she disappeared into the kitchen, before they were cut off by the unmistakable sound of a wooden spoon spanking a bright pink hedgehog's bright red butt. Then Amy's cries took on a distinctly less whiny, more desperate quality. "Yeow! Yoohoo! Yowza! Youch! Yipe! Yikes! Yee! Yaaiieeeeek!"

Rouge glanced at the kitchen, smiling like she was savoring a scrumptious sweet, then served Cream, Cheese, and Chocola. "As I was saying before I was so rudely interrupted, I cooked this meal for you myself! I just had to follow the instructions on the box and…voila! Now, if you'll excuse me, Mrs. Cream still needs me in the kitchen. She mentioned you kids will need to get started eating, to get ready for your bedtime, so don't wait for us…I suspect we'll be busy cooking something in the kitchen for a good, long while!"

Rouge strutted to the kitchen door, her bare bottom swaying behind her with every step.

Cream sighed as she caught a glimpse of Amy Rose, straining to touch her tiptoes as Vanilla mercilessly applied a wooden spoon to her upturned buttocks, before the door shut and muffled the sound of the ongoing lesson in manners. "Goodness, gracious! Dinner is so boring without company to share it with…And plain broccoli is even more boring!"

Cream pouted as she played with the four stalks of broccoli on her plate. Like most children, Cream often needed to be reminded to eat a few bites of healthy foods, although Vanilla wasn't as strict as most parents are about "cleaning your plate." The only hard rule was that Cream had to eat at least three bites of her veggies, before being eligible to have any dessert. Vanilla also knew how to make Cream's broccoli special, with just a sprinkle of cheese and spice, so that she never had a problem wanting to eat every bite. But Rouge the Bat's broccoli…was just plain boring.

Cream craned her neck to peek at the kitchen door. Sure enough, Amy's spanking was still dragging on, without interruption. Cream tapped her fork to her lips. "Why, Mr. Cheese, Mr. Chocola, I do believe you boys need some extra broccoli, to help you grow big and strong! I'll just…share some of mine with you!"

Cream served all four stalks of her broccoli, two each to Mr. Cheese and Mr. Chocola. As they eyed the extra broccoli curiously, cartoon question marks appeared above their heads, before they cheered and carried on eating.

With a sigh of relief, Cream started to eat her mac n' cheese, and without the broccoli, she found she had room for every bite.

Then, a troubling thought occurred to her. "Hold on…what if Mother counted how many servings of broccoli were served on each plate?"

Cream tensed, looking back and forth to Cheese and Chocola's plates. Cheese had three servings of broccoli left, meaning he'd eaten three already, but it would only look like he'd eaten one. Chocola had four left, meaning he'd eaten two, but it would look like he hadn't even touched his broccoli. Would that look suspicious? No, it was fine. Chocola was usually a fussy eater.

At that instant, the handle of the kitchen door turned! Vanilla entered, leading a sniffling Amy behind her. "*Hic!* Mmm'sowwy…Mrs. Vanilla…So, so sorry!"

"Now, now, Amy. You've already apologized. I know you'll do better tomorrow. So let's get you girls fed before bed! Nothing like tucking in, before you get tucked in!"

Rouge strutted in, wearing a relaxed smirk on her face. But the expression vanished as soon as she spotted the hard wooden chairs at the dining room table. "Ah…could we perhaps stand up while we eat tonight?"

Vanilla giggled, but shook her head. "No, Miss Rouge. I expect you to sit and join our dinner party tomorrow. Hopefully your bottom will have recovered by then, but if not, tonight is your only chance to practice the art of sitting on a well-spanked backside, without making it too obvious that you just got a heinie whoopin'. Now, sit yourself down!"

Rouge and Amy hesitated, but obeyed. After shifting uncomfortably on their seats, they settled their weight down. With a nod of approval, Vanilla turned and eyed Cream's plate. "Cream, are you a Clean Plate Ranger? I'm impressed! You usually don't have that big of an appetite. Ah, you must be outgrowing the children's plates!"

Cream bit her lip. She hated telling lies, especially to her mother. Nervously, she played with the last few pieces of stray macaroni. "Well, maybe not every bite?"

“Oh, don’t sell yourself short. Remember, you don’t have to eat everything I serve you, just so long as you eat three big bites of your greens! Do you have room for dessert?”

Cream held her stomach. For some strange reason, it was churning, as if she’d eaten far more than she actually had. “Er…I don’t think I should have dessert today. My tummy hurts…”

“Well, after eating four whole servings of broccoli, I’m not surprised.”

Rouge flinched as she felt her bare bottom press against the seat, before whistling and resting her weight down with a relaxed sigh. “You really liked my broccoli? I’m flattered! I watched it carefully the whole time it boiled!”

Vanilla examined Cheese and Chocola’s plates and shook her head. “Cheese, you haven’t eaten much broccoli…and Chocola, you haven’t even touched yours. I’m afraid you’ll need to take at least three big bites, before you get any dessert.”

Chocola moaned sadly, patting his tummy. “Chao chao?”

“What, no dessert? Is your tummy completely full? But you haven’t had much mac and cheese, and that’s usually…your favorite?”

With a stern frown, Vanilla knelt and scooped up a stray piece of broccoli that had fallen on the floor. When she set it next to Chocola’s plate, there were five stalks in total. “Miss Rouge, you’re quite sure you put exactly four stalks of broccoli on every plate?”

Looking slightly nervous, Rouge nodded.

Vanilla turned to face Cream and Cheese. “Cream, do you know where this piece of broccoli came from? Do you suppose it’s possible that Cheese accidentally dropped it, and it rolled all the way over to Chocola’s side?”

Cream fidgeted her feet. “Well…I…I dunno…if that’s really what happened. You see, the truth is…” Cream swallowed a lump in her throat. “...I didn’t really eat all my broccoli…I gave two pieces to Mr. Cheese, and two pieces to Mr. Chocola…”

Rouge blinked, then pouted. “Wait, so that means you didn’t eat *any* of the broccoli I made for you?”

Cream’s eyes were watery. “No, Miss Rouge. I thought it looked yucky compared to Mother’s broccoli. But Cheese and Chocola really seemed to like it, so I figured they’d eat mine all up.”

Now Rouge’s eyes were watery. “You thought my first dinner ever looked *yucky?”*

Vanilla bent low to look Cream directly in the eye. “But why did you sneak it onto Cheese and Chocola’s plates without asking? Were you planning to let them get in trouble for not eating their greens?”

Cream hunched her shoulder as she gripped the sides of her chair. “I didn’t think that far ahead…You’ve given them some of my extra greens before, when I was finished and they were still hungry.”

“That’s because they asked me politely for more, and I was already sure you’d had enough to eat. Think carefully, Cream. When you gave them your broccoli, did you think you were doing a good thing, or a bad thing?”

Cream hung her head. “I…I knew I was doing a bad thing. Are you going to spank me now?”

“Yes, Cream, I have to spank you now. First, I need you to go to the kitchen, and fetch me the small bread paddle. You’ll find the step ladder tucked in the storage space beside the oven.”

Cream’s eyes popped wide open. “A…p-paddle? I’ve never been sp-spanked with a paddle before!”

Vanilla gently set Cream on her feet, and aimed her to face the kitchen door. “I know, Cream. But you’re old enough to know better now, so this is going to be the hardest spanking you’ve ever gotten. Nevertheless, I promise you can get through this if you decide to be brave. Are you ready to obey?”

Cream scrunched her face up, then sniffled. “Yes, ma’am. I’m scared…but I want to obey.”

Already rubbing tears from her eyes, Cream marched toward the kitchen. After less than a minute, she reappeared, cradling the antique bread paddle in her hands. It had a curved one-handed handle, and a deep scoop, like a cross between a short spatula and a thick paddle.

After Cream offered up the implement, Vanilla scooped it up and set it on the table. “Thank you, Cream. Next, I need to make sure you understand exactly what you did wrong, and why you need a spanking. Do you remember what the rule is for what merits a spanking on your bare bottom?”

Cream tightened her mouth, before nodding. “Yes, ma’am. Deliberate disobedience, defiance, or dishonesty deserves a bare-bottomed spanking.”

Vanilla held Cream’s shaky hands in her own to steady them. “That’s right, Cream. And because you were dishonest, I’m afraid this spanking has to be on your bare bottom.”

Cream made a soft, whining sound. “But…but I told the truth, when you asked me about the broccoli.”

“And I’m proud of you for choosing to tell me the truth in the end. But the fact remains that hiding your broccoli was *deliberate* and *deceptive*. In a way, you were telling a lie, even without using words. So that means you’re getting this spanking on the bare bottom, right from the start. Put your hands behind your head, so I can bare your booty.”

Cream’s hands flew to obey. Her watery, puppy-dog eyes had no effect on Vanilla, who stoically reached under Cream’s skirt and carefully slid down her undergarments, first gliding them just below her quivering bottom, then all the way down to her knees. Next, Vanilla gently lifted up her

daughter, laid her down across her lap, and flipped up her orange skirt. “Normally, you would have gotten a hand spanking for fussing about eating your greens. So we will start with that…just as a warm up.”

Having finished lecturing, Vanilla delivered the first, resounding spank across the center of Cream’s bottom, right below her fluffy white rabbit tail. Cream wailed pitifully, but Vanilla appeared to be unmoved, and fell into a slow, steady pattern of spanking, alternating between Cream’s left and right bottom cheeks. After 11 spanks, Cream paused. “That was what you’d normally get for trying to sneak dessert without taking at least three bites of your greens first. Now, you’re getting a spanking for trying to trick Mr. Cheese and Mr. Chocola into eating your broccoli for you. You are supposed to be a good big sister, and look out for them. This spanking is for letting them down…”

Vanilla renewed the spanking, using the same firm, relentless pace, using one hand to gently hold Cream down across the small of her back. But after only five swats, Cream howled and reached a hand bank, just short of covering her bottom. Vanilla raised her voice to a commanding tone, though without anger. “Hands down, Cream.”

Cream gripped the seat of the chair to keep her hands away from her bottom. “Sorry, Mommy!”

“That was close. You were an inch away from earning yourself some extra spanks. Here, try holding onto this…” Vanilla scooped up the bread paddle, and handed it to Cream. “...Every time you feel tempted to cover your bottom, just hold tight onto this paddle, and think about how you told a lie.”

Tears streamed down Cream’s cheeks as she focused on the paddle. “I tol’ a lie…”

Vanilla continued the hand spanking, delivering another ten swats. Cream tried her best to lay still and not cry, but by the tenth spank, her tears were flowing freely. Vanilla patted Cream’s bottom, then released her hold on Cream’s back to reach for the bread paddle. “That will do for the warm up. Hand me the paddle, Cream. You’re about to find out what a big girl spanking means.”

Cream whimpered as she shakily lifted the paddle above her head, and released it. Her lip was trembling, her nose was twitching, her arms were shivering, her knees were shaking. Vanilla rubbed the convex side of the bread paddle across Cream’s bottom in circles. “When I give Amy a paddling in the woodshed, do you know how many swats she gets?”

Cream’s ears flopped as she shook her head. “No, Mommy…how many?”

“She gets at least twenty swats. And more if she needs extras. A paddle feels a lot like my hairbrush, or the wooden spoon, but heavier. And it covers a lot more of your bottom…do feel that?”

Vanilla switched her grip on the paddle, and stroked the concave side along Cream's upturned bottom. The cupped shape was the perfect size to match the surface area of each of Cream's butt cheeks. Cream rubbed her feet together as she realized that just two swats would be enough to cover her entire bottom. "Yes, Mommy…so I deserve twenty, too? …Uh, I mean, twenty, also, not twenty-two."

Rouge quickly stifled a chuckle. Vanilla patted Cream's bottom, just hard enough to send a jiggle through the soft puppy fat. "Well, Cream, ordinarily I'd give Miss Amy…or Miss Rouge…at least twenty smacks with a paddle. But they are also much older than you. You are getting this spanking on your bare bottom because you played a deceptive trick. That was the initial lie that got you in trouble, but you also chose to tell me the truth when I confronted you. You still need to get a paddling for lying, but if you had lied to my face, you would be getting an *additional* twenty, on top of what you're already getting. Does that make sense?"

Cream tensed, her buttocks clenching, before she relaxed and lay still. "Yes, ma'am. If I ever tell a lie on purpose, I get an extra twenty spanks. But I still need the spanking for the broccoli trick, because that was a kind of lie."

"Exactly. And because this is your first time feeling the paddle, I think four good, hard swats will be more than enough to serve as a lasting reminder. But you'll still have to hold still, and be a brave girl, to get through this. I want you to politely count each stroke, and say thank you, just like you've heard Amy do when she's in this situation. With your best manners. Take a deep breath to help you relax, and grit your teeth, so you don't bite your tongue by mistake."

Cream took a sharp breath through her nose, before exhaling, and setting her jaw. "Yes, Mother."

Vanilla patted Cream's buttock a couple times to practice her motion, then raised the paddle high, watching carefully for the precise moment when she knew Cream would be ready. Then Vanilla brought down the paddle with a full, fluid motion of her arm, the follow through flattening Cream's entire lower buttock. Amy flinched at the echoing sound of the clap, but she knew from experience that a spank with a cupped hand or concave-shaped implement actually hurt less, despite sounding louder. After all, the impact of the paddle was being more evenly distributed, rather than concentrated on one spot. Unfortunately, Cream didn't know any of this. She howled with all her might, her arms and legs locking as she spasmed. Vanilla patted Cream's bottom and stroked gently to get her attention. "That's only one, Cream. Next, you need to say, 'One, ma'am. Thank you, ma'am.'"

Cream's eyes boggled as she tried to process the fresh sting, feeling the rising heat being pressed against her bottom by the rough surface of the bread paddle. "Gah-ha! …One, ma'am! Thank you, ma'am!"

Vanilla was ready. By the time Cream had finally worked up the courage to count the first stroke, Vanilla had already raised her arm high, and timed the second stroke of the paddle to act as a

punctuation mark for Cream's final sentence. This one was aimed at Cream's other buttock, leaving a wide, red mark that matched the first. Cream steeled herself, expecting to feel the third stroke as soon as she finished her count. "Ahaaa! …Two, ma'am! Thank you, ma'am!"

But Vanilla didn't deliver the third stroke immediately. Instead, she switched her grip on the paddle, rubbing the convex surface in figure eight patterns across Cream's lower bottom. As Vanilla lifted her knee, Cream was forced to angle her bottom upward at a tauter angle, revealing her lower sit spots to the rough touch of the paddle.

Cream stiffened, feeling how different the cooling touch of the paddle felt, and wondering what it could mean. Then, without tapping Cream's bottom, Vanilla raised the paddle high, and brought it down on . The result was that the third spank took Cream by surprise. Vanilla aimed the outermost point of the curved paddle at Cream's exposed sit spot, meaning the most soft, sensitive area of Cream's bottom took most of the brunt of the hardest point of the curved paddle. Cream shouted once, more from terror than pain, then squealed as her brain registered the deeper ache left by the heavy paddle. "Aaah! …Eee-hee-heeeee! Oh, no!"

Cream squirmed atop Vanilla's lap, but Vanilla held her firmly in place, and delivered a series love tap to the exact spot she had just spanked. "Remember your count, or I will start your spanking over again, from the very beginning."

Cream froze, balling her hands into fists. "No, please! Three, ma'am! Thank you, ma'am!"

Satisfied, Vanilla tapped Cream's other sit spot, to alert her of the coming stroke. "Take a deep breath, and grit your teeth."

Cream's chest felt tight, but as she obeyed her instructions, she felt a strange sense of calm wash over her. Cream had a peculiar realization: this feeling wasn't relief. In her mind's eye, the wooden bread paddle had transformed into a horrible monster with fangs and claws. But as Cream exhaled, she had an odd sense that she needed this last stroke. Otherwise, she'd only be unable to sit on one half of her bottom, and that just wouldn't do. Remembering how clever and sneaky she'd felt about the broccoli trick, Cream tried to lift her bottom high, willing for the spank to land so she could begin her timeout right away. Of course, she did want the spanking to be over. But Cream also wanted it to happen. She had told a lie, and little liars needed to get spankings.

Vanilla slammed the paddle down across Cream's other sit spot, leaving a splotchy red spot to match the previous one. Cream howled, her scream exploding out of her in a gust of air, before she gasped, and counted. "Aaaaargh! …Haa…Hoo…Four, ma'am…Thank you, ma'am…Oh, dear, oh dearie me…I'm so sorry…"

Vanilla sighed with relief, and set down the paddle, before stroking the small of Cream's back. "I forgive you, Cream. Have you learned your lesson?"

Cream sniffled, then twisted to look at her Mother, with a peculiar, pensive expression. “I think so. I never want to be deceptive ever again. You should probably put me in timeout for a while, though. That way I can think about it while the lesson is still fresh.”

Vanilla beamed with pride as she set Cream back on her feet, and quickly fixed her panties. “An excellent suggestion. But first, I want you to apologize to Mr. Cheese, Mr. Chocola, and Miss Rouge.”

“Yes, ma’am. I’m so sorry, Mr. Cheese, and Mr. Chocola. I let you both down. Miss Rouge, I’m sorry for what I did.”

Quizzically, Rouge looked back and forth from Cream to Vanilla. “Huh? Why do I get an apology?”

Before Vanilla could answer, Cream politely raised her hand. “Because I was disrespectful to your cooking. You made a whole meal for me, and I didn’t show proper appreciation for the work you did.”

Rouge blinked. “Oh…now that you mention it, that did hurt my feelings a bit…but I’m not mad at you, kiddo. I’d say you’ve suffered enough.”

Cream puffed up her chest, and shook her head. “I still need a time out. Mom, since I’m a big girl now, does that mean I have to sit on the scary timeout chair, like Amy has to?”

Vanilla hid her mouth behind her hand as she giggled. “You mean the old punishment stool? No, that’s only for very naughty girls, when they’re being *particularly* stubborn. Just have a seat in the corner, on your regular time out stool. When I come to release you, it will be straight to bedtime.”

Cream bowed her head as she accepted a kiss from her Mother. “Yes, Mommy. Thank you for spanking me.”

Vanilla guided Cream to her stool and sat her in timeout, facing the corner. “You are welcome, Cream. I love you most.”

Cream winced as she felt the hard, unforgiving wooden seat press flat against her sore, stinging bottom. “I love you most-est.”

At long last, Amy, Rouge, and Vanilla settled down for a quick bite of mac and cheese, their stomachs growling. Without being asked, Amy started to collect the plates and silverware. Rouge noticed, and jumped to help, not sure if leaving her plate would count as another spanking offense. Vanilla held them both by the shoulder. “It’s nearly time for Cream to go down for the night. You two will be going to bed in the same room, so I expect you to follow the same

bedtime rules. Amy, your old pajamas are in the same drawer. Miss Rouge will need to borrow a pair. Remember to keep your bottoms bare and ready for your bedtime spanking."

Amy and Rouge frowned, but bowed their heads and answered respectfully. Both of them had privately hoped Mrs. Vanilla would forget about her promise to give them a final spanking before bed.

…

Cream's bedroom was decorated with a peaches-and-cream color motif. There were twin bunk beds decorated with karate and race car patterns, for Mr. Cheese and Chocola, but Vanilla had set up two cribs h to free up the twin beds for Amy Rose and Rouge the Bat.

Amy blushed as she found one of her favorite old pairs of one-piece pajamas, featuring decorative designs inspired by the characters from the Tarot card deck. Mrs. Vanilla had sewn the collar and lace herself, as a Christmas gift for Amy. As Amy stared at the pajamas with a mix of nervousness and nostalgia, Rouge the Bat dropped down from the ceiling, hanging upside down like a Vampire, and snatched the pajapas out of Amy's grip. "Yoink! How daring! I love the old fashioned design. These might not look too terrible, at least not while I'm rocking them."

Amy snarled, and held tight to the pajama pants. "Hey! These are mine! You can't have them."

Still hanging upside down, Rouge released her grip on the pants, and held up her hands in surrender. "Whatever! I don't want to fight about it. It's not worth another spanking. But I need something to wear to bed, and Vanilla told you to pick something for me to wear. And I'm not bailing you out if she asks why I'm still naked at bedtime."

Amy swallowed, and quickly examined the remaining pajamas. Several pairs she remembered, but were clearly too small for her now. Then Amy spotted a two-piece set of pajamas featuring a custom pattern…Sonic the Hedgehog's face, along with decorative rings. Not wanting anyone to see those, including Rouge, Amy quickly tried to hide the pajamas deeper in the drawer. Then she heard a knock outside the bedroom. "Are you girls decent yet?"

Sucking down a sharp breath, Amy quickly thrust the Tarot-card pajamas into Rouge's outstretched hands, and threw on the Sonic pajamas. "Almost ready, Mrs. Vanilla!"
To Amy, there were only things worse than letting Rouge see her wearing Sonic the Hedgehog PJ's: letting Rouge see her get *spanked* while wearing her Sonic the Hedgehog PJ's, and letting anyone but her actually wear her Sonic the Hedgehog PJs."

Rouge smirked as she pulled on the one-piece pajamas. "These are cozy…wait a minute. These are a one-piece? So how am I supposed to–"

Amy shook her head as she tucked her baggy pajama pants to rest just below her bottom. "Just tuck down the flap at the back. The buttons snap right off!"

Rouge twisted to examine her backside, and sure enough she found the buttons. "Wait…a drop seat? But aren't those just for toddlers? I thought these were supposed to be classy. I wouldn't have picked these if I'd known–"

"Girls? Are you trying to stall for time? If so, there's no point delaying the inevitable. I expect to see two bare bottoms ready and waiting for a spanking the moment I count to three. One…Two…"

As the door handle turned, Amy grit her teeth. Wanting to make sure that Vanilla had no reason to be displeased with the state of her bottom before the spanking, she quickly held down the front of her shirt to preserve some of her modesty, while using her dainty pink tail to hold up the hem of the pajama shirt in the back. "Hurry! Butt bare, or we're both in trouble!"

Rouge yanked roughly at the flap, and with a snap, the drop-seat flopped down. The instant the door opened, Amy and Rouge quickly turned to face the wall, making sure that their bare bottoms would be plainly in view. They were just in the nick of time.

Vanilla strode into the room, followed by Cream, Cheese, and Chocola. To Amy and rouge's surprise, Vanilla had changed out of her formal dress, and was wearing a simple, lilac night gown. "...Three! Well, well, you're both ready for your bedtime spanking, just as I asked. I suspect you cut it a bit close. Do I guess correctly, Miss Amy?"

Amy nodded, her nose pressed against the wall. "Yes, ma'am. We just barely made it, ma'am."

“Miss Rouge, did Amy explain what would happen, if you dawdle too long before a bed time spanking, and aren’t properly prepared?”

Rouge twitched. “Yes, ma’am. If either of us weren’t ready, we’d both have gotten an extra licking with a belt, ma’am.”

“Precisely. But I’m glad it won’t come to that, for tonight at least. Cream, have a seat on your bed. I want you to see exactly what happens to naughty girls who pick fights and play dangerous games.”

Cream shuffled her feet. Then she started playing with the drop-seat at the back of her orange and yellow footie pajamas. One of the buttons was loose, letting the corner of the flap lie flipping and flopping. “I’ve been wondering…since I did a really bad thing today, and needed a big girl spanking, will I be getting a bedtime spanking, too?”

Vanilla kneeled low to reach Cream’s eye level. “Don’t worry, Cream. I already gave you a good spanking today.”

“But…isn’t it unfair, that Amy and Rouge both get bedtime spankings for being bad, but I don’t?”

“No, because they are both older than you, and because what they did was much more dangerous. Yes, you did a bad thing by trying to hide your broccoli, but you’ve been punished enough. Amy and Rouge set a bad example for you today, so they both need a harder spanking, to act as a reminder.”

Cream bowed her head. “I dunno…I still feel so guilty. I set a bad example for Cheese and Chocola today. Don’t I need a spanking to help me remember, too?”

Amy twisted to look over her shoulder, shaking her head at Cream.” No! Don’t do it, Cream! You don’t need another spanking!”

Vanilla rose to her full height. “Amy Rose, I’ve already warned you about talking out of turn, especially when it’s time for a spanking. That stunt just earned you an extra ten spanks, on top of what you already have coming. Now, put your nose against the wall, if you don’t want to feel the belt.”

Cursing her stupidity, Amy pressed her nose flat against the wall. “Yes’m!”

With a sigh, Vanilla knelt to face Cream again. “Cream, I think you feel guilty because you have a strong moral conscience. But spanking isn’t magic. I could go on punishing you, adding more and more spankings, but that won’t erase the bad feelings you have. I don’t like having to spank you. The only reason I spank you is to teach you, to remind you to be the wonderful girl I know you want to be. I don’t think you deserve another spanking today. But if you think you need a bedtime spanking to help you remember the life lesson you learned today, I will give you one.”

Cream glanced at Cheese and Chocola, then looked at her mother with tearful eyes. “I think I need another spankin’ before bed, Mommy. It’s like broccoli. I need it to help me grow up big and strong.”

“Then you know what to do. Drop the seat of your pajamas, and go stand against the wall, between Amy and Rouge.”

Cream suddenly wondered if she had bitten off more punishment-broccoli than she could chew. “Does it have to be on the bare?”

“If I give you a bedtime spanking, it’s going to be a real one. You know the rules in this house. A bare bottom stays nice and bare until the spanking is all over. And you earned a bare bottom for lying. March your tail, little Missy.”

Fumbling with the sole button holding up her drop-seat, Cream toddled to face the wall, and placed her hands behind her head to match the two older girls. Vanilla took in the sight of the three bare-butt convicts standing on death’s row before her. “I don’t want to see or hear a peep out of anyone in timeout while I’m administering the bedtime spankings. Amy Rose, you will be first. Come bend across my leg, so I can pin you in place more securely.”

Amy turned and found Vanilla resting a wooden hairbrush on the pillow of the low twin bed, before seating herself on the mattress, her big rabbit feet set wide apart. Vanilla was wearing fuzzy rabbit slippers tonight. On auto-pilot, Amy waddled forward, pinching her pajama pants tight between her legs to keep them from slipping down, and lay across Vanilla’s thigh, holding up her shirt at the back to keep her bottom fully exposed. Vanilla hummed, then tugged Amy’s pajama pants down the rest of the way, all the way down to her ankles. Then Vanilla pinned Amy’s legs in place with her free leg, propping up Amy’s bottom at a sharp angle.

“You know exactly why you’re here, so I won’t lecture you any further. I care about you, Amy Rose, so I have to spank you, to make sure you never, ever take foolish risks with your life. This hurts me more than it hurts you.”

“…Yes, Mrs. Vanilla. I know that now. Please spank me well.”

The bed springs creaked as Vanilla raised her hand high. “I promise I will, Amy dear.”

The hand spanking began at a firm pace, right off the bat. Amy tried to keep a silent mental count, but after 40 spanks, she lost track. She was painfully aware that Vanilla wasn’t spanking quite as hard as she could, when she really wanted to make an impression. But it was more than enough to raise a burning heat across Amy’s seat. As Amy tried to suppress her yells, she caught sight of the wooden hairbrush resting on the pillow, and knew that her spanking wasn’t nearly over. In a way, it hadn’t even begun.

As Amy's thoughts centered on the rising discomfort in her bottom, she was forced to relive her entire experience in the woodshed, along with her humiliating fall into the briar patch. The slaps were just hard enough to remind her of the collection of aching welts she'd already earned, and just fast enough to rise a soft, steady, buzzing warmth. As Amy tried to think of anything besides her poor bottom, the only think that came to mind was the stupid series of decisions she had made which landed her in this position…No, not stupid. Foolish. Amy had been a fool, and this spanking was exactly what her foolishness had merited. Just as she felt fresh tears stinging her eyes, the spanking stopped, and she saw Vanilla scooping up the wooden hairbrush. "I'm sorry…Mrs. Vanilla…so saaaah-reeeheeheee…."

Vanilla patted Amy's bottom with the hairbrush. Even the smallest love taps stung like pins and needles. "Yes, Amy. I know that now. But I made a promise to spank you well. I love you, Amy dear…"

Amy buried her face in the mattress. "I…wuv…yoooooo-hoo-hoooooo…..Whoooaaah!"

As Amy shut her eyes tight, she saw a flash of red stars along with every smack of the hairbrush. Everything in the world disappeared, except for a sense that she was loved and that she needed to experience every ounce of this pain, to drink this bitter cup down to the last drop. Just as Amy melted into incoherent sobs, Vanilla patted her shoulder. "Good job, Amy. We would be finished here, but I promised you ten swats for interrupting. Lie on your back, and hold up your legs."

Amy dug her fingers into the comforter. "Noooo moooore…."

Then Amy felt a sharp pop of the hairbrush, and remembered just how hard Vanilla could spank, if she needed to. "No arguments."

Amy blubbered the closest she could manage to a "Yes, ma'am," as she crawled off Vanilla's thigh, and rolled onto her back. Amy held her feet up, hesitantly, before Vanilla deftly pinched her ankles between her fingers and lifted her feet high into the air, as if Rose was a baby in need of a diaper change. Vanilla looked Amy right in the eyes as she snatched a fuzzy rabbit slipper off her foot, and tapped the leather sole against Amy's upside down bottom. "Ten swats. I'm going to deliver them quickly so you can finally be done. Take a deep breath, and hold your legs steady."

Amy felt tears dribbling backwards down her face as she gripped the blankets, concentrating on holding still. Before, Amy had experienced the hairbrush spanking in almost a dream-like state, but as she concentrated on holding her legs up, Amy discovered she was acutely, and painfully, wide-awake.

The moment Amy caught her breath, Vanilla delivered 10 spanks at a ferocious, lighting-fast pace.

Amy howled, but by the time she needed to catch her breath, it was already over. Amy's chest heaved as Vanilla set her feet down. "That's the end of it. You've been punished enough. I know you'll do better. Would you like a hug, Amy? You don't need to give me one, if you're still mad at me. But if you want me to comfort you, I'd dearly love to."

Amy hopped up to rest on her knees on the mattress, burying her face in Vanilla's stomach as she hugged her with all her might. Vanilla returned the embrace, gently stroking Amy's shoulder and patting her head. "Spanking is all done. But you still need to go stand in timeout while I take care of Miss Rouge."

Amy hesitantly climbed off the bed, every movement an additional agony. But as Amy turned to rejoin Cream and Rouge, Vanilla stopped her. "No, against the opposite wall. Away from their timeout spot."

Amy blinked, her eyes red and blurry. "Wuh? Why there?"

Vanilla giggled. "Sp I don't forget that I already spanked you, I suppose. I'm such a scatter/brain, I might spank you again by mistake."

Amy spun on her heels and toddled straight to the opposite side of the room, ignoring the Sonic-the-Hedgehog pajamas tangled around her ankles. As Amy pressed her nose against the wall, she was able to overhear everything, but didn't dare peep.

"Rouge? You know the drill, dear. It's been a long day, so let's get your last spanking over with. No need for another scolding."

Rouge whined, but obediently marched to take her position across Vanilla's lap. Amy heard the springs of the bed creak, and felt the hairs stand up on the back of her neck, before the tense silence was broken by the first clap of Vanilla's hand across Rouge's voluptuous buttocks.

Out of curiosity, Amy tried to count the number of whacks. At precisely one hundred spanks, Vanilla paused the hand spanking. "You're taking your spanking very well so far, Rouge. But this hairbrush will be the hardest part to get through. If you feel tears coming on, don't be afraid to have a good cry."

Rouge's voice was strained, anger mixed with forced politeness.
"I'm…not…gonna…cry…ma'am."

"It's your choice, Rouge. It won't change the severity of your spanking either way. But speaking from experience, I find it helps. Very well, let's carry on."

The next echoing wallop, as Vanilla's hairbrush flattened through one of Rouge's buttocks, seemed to send a reverberating shockwave through the room. Rouge felt the force of the impact

traveling through the tender, meaty flesh of her hindquarters in rippling waves, as if she was experiencing time in slow motion. “Agh!”

Rouge quickly choked back her scream, fighting to keep her eyes wide open. Instinctively, she knew that if she closed her eyes for a moment, the budding tears would quickly build up, and spill over. Rouge endured ten strokes of the hairbrush like this, before she felt the eleventh swat, and thrust her head back with a snarl. “Dammit!”

Rouge sucked down a breath past her clogged nose, and realized that the only thing keeping two fresh tear drops from succumbing to gravity was her holding this absurd position. Gritting her teeth, Rouge readied herself for the next spank. But Vanilla only patted Rouge’s bottom, rubbing the cool wood of the hairbrush in circles across Rouge’s sit spots. “Miss Rouge, do *not* use that word in front of my family. And stop pretending it doesn’t hurt. You’re not fooling anyone, including yourself.”

Vanilla began to apply the hairbrush again, in a slow, steady pattern, gradually increasing the tempo. Rouge growled, then groaned, then finally broke down crying, though Amy had a feeling Rouge was internally fighting the urge to shed tears even as she lost all choice in the matter. Amy counted forty whacks with the hairbrush, and it was finally over.

Rouge seethed, her voice muffled slightly as she pressed her face against the mattress. Vanilla patted Rouge’s bottom with her hand. “On your back, Miss Rouge. You earned ten extra whacks with my slipper too.”

Rouge snorted, and felt snot dribbling freely down from her nose. “Buh? But I laid still and didn’t fight you, the whole time!”

“I warned you about using the d-word in my house. I’ve been patient, but you also need a reminder to control your tongue. It’s ten swats with my slipper now, or another trip to the woodshed tomorrow morning. What will it be?”

Rouge dug her long nails into the comforter. “I’ll obey! I’ll take the ten now!”

Vanilla landed a warning swat on Rouge’s bottom. “Then lie down. Legs up.”

Rouge’s eyes went wide as she felt herself being pulled into the diaper position. Rouge’s eyes watered as she saw Vanilla remove her other slipper and raise it high. Dimly, Rouge wondered if Vanilla’s other arm was getting tired. “...M’sorry, ma’am…”

Vanilla nodded curtly, then brought down her slipper across Rouge’s upturned bottom with a blinding stroke. Rouge shut her eyes tight, and felt tears spilling down her face. Rouge had no strength left to even pretend to fight the tears. After ten lightning fast spanks, Rouge was blubbering like a baby, the effect only heightened by being held in the diaper position. As Rouge

struggled to catch her breath, Vanilla casually put her slippers back on. Finally Rouge managed to gasp. “...I’m…sorry…Mrs. Vanilla…I didn’t want to curse in front of your family.”

Vanilla sighed as examined her slippers. “Then don’t do it again.”

Rouge heard the cold finality in the words, and felt her heart ache worse than her bottom. Rouge struggled to straighten herself, ignoring the stabbing pain in her bottom to sit in what she hoped would be considered proper posture. “Please…forgive me…I don’t want to be a burden…”

Vanilla turned to face Rouge, with concern written on her face. “Oh, Rouge, dear. Of course I forgive you. And you are not a burden. Listen carefully, Miss Rouge…”

As Vanilla seated herself next to Rouge, Rouge instinctively shifted her weight off her aching backside, and found herself leaning close to Vanilla for support. “...I think you have a sharp mind, and a determined heart. Those are precisely the qualities that got your bottom in so much trouble today, but I’d be honored to have a daughter like you…”

As Vanilla awkwardly held up her arm, Rouge recognized it as an invitation for a hug and eagerly rushed to sit on Vanilla’s lap, returning the hug with all her might. “Thank you, Mrs. Vanilla. If I ever swear again, please haul me straight to the woodshed and wear my ass out!”

Vanilla raised an eyebrow, and Rouge cleared her throat, looking sheepish

“…Uh, ahem! By which I mean, my *asinine* attitude!”

Vanilla sighed, gently cradling the back of Rouge’s head. “You have my word, Rouge. You know, I’ve already grown quite fond of you. You’re welcome under my roof any time…”

Vanilla stroked Rouge’s lower back, before patting her bottom. “...so long as you agree to respect the rules of my house.”

Rouge stiffened, feeling a delightful feeling deep in her stomach. As Rouge looked at Vanilla, a strange thought suddenly occurred to her…Oh, how Rouge would like a chance to spank Vanilla for a change. It was not a desire born out of petty revenge. Just a simple, intriguing thought.

After looking deep into Vanilla’s eyes, Rouge winked playfully. “Yes, Vanilla. As long as I’m a guest at your house…it’s *your* rules.”

Vanilla’s eyelashes fluttered. “Very good. Then straight to timeout with you, Rouge…and it’s still *Mrs.* Vanilla, for now. At least until you’ve completed community service. Understood?”

Rouge sidled to face the wall next to Amy, flashing a Mona Lisa smile as she twisted to look over her shoulder, bare butt on full display. “Yes, ma’am!”

Vanilla gave Rouge a single stern look. Rouge received the unspoken message loud and clear, and turned to press her nose against the wall. Satisfied, Vanilla turned to address her final charge. “Turn around, Cream, dear. It’s finally your turn. You’ve asked for this bedtime spanking of your own volition. This is your last chance to back out. Are you having second thoughts?”

As Cream stepped out of timeout, she held her hands behind her back, contemplating the lingering marks left by the bread paddle. “I thought about it a lot while I was still in timeout. I’m still scared of the spanking…but I’m a big girl now. I should have known better. Please, spank me, Mommy, to teach me better.”

Vanilla patted her lap. “Then you know what is expected of you. It’s spanking time. No take-backsies!”

Cream giggled nervously. “Yeah, no take-backsies! Just…spank-buttsies!”

“You’re stalling, Cream. Bottoms up.”

“Yes, Mommy!” Using the super-power granted by her long, floppy ears, Cream glided through the air and settled down across her mother’s lap.

Vanilla patted Cream’s bottom experimentally. “I love you, Cream. Say when you are ready, and we’ll get this taken care of once and for all.”

Cream’s rabbit tail shivered. “...I’m ready.”

Vanilla delivered the hand spanking without further ceremony. Cream started weeping freely after only three swats. As Amy silently kept count, she was relieved to hear Vanilla stop the hand spanking after only fifty spanks, half the number she and Rouge must have gotten. But nevertheless, Vanilla still paused to retrieve the hairbrush, and continued to chastise an already sobbing Cream. After delivering twenty spanks with the hairbrush, Vanilla set it aside and comforted Cream. Amy wondered if Cream was aware that she had gotten a lighter punishment, or if she had lost count long ago. But either way, Cream seemed well thoroughly chastened. “Thank you, Mama. I promise I’ll do better.”

“I know you will, Cream. And you’re welcome. Amy? Rouge? Come have a seat with us. I want to say a little prayer for you three girls, before I tuck you in.”

Rouge narrowed her eyes. “You want us to pray? I…don’t think I know any good prayers.”

“Not to worry, Rouge. I always pray for Cream and Amy before bed, so you’re welcome to join us. You don’t have to participate in this if you don’t want to.”

Rouge dimly remembered her mother hauling her out of bed for church on Sunday mornings, usually after a high-stakes jewel heist the previous night. “Oh, I’d be honored to join you! I used to say prayers as a little bat in the belfry. I just…haven’t said any in a while. I don’t want to say something wrong and offend you.”

Cream beamed as she folded her hands in front of her. She was too short to kneel, so she stood beside the bed. “It’s okay, Rouge. I know God will hear your prayer.”

Amy knelt down next to Cream, forgetting not to rest her sore spots down on her heels. With a wince, Amy lifted her bottom, then forced a knowing smile. “…Just maybe don’t cuss?”

Rouge glanced back at her bottom, before kneeling to join Amy. “Definitely not!”

Vanilla knelt at Rouge’s side. “Why don’t we go from youngest to oldest? Cream, will you begin for us?”

Cream’s ears flopped as she nodded vigorously. “Dear Mr. God, thank you for giving me my family. Thank you for Cheese, and Chocola, and my Mommy. And thank you for my Daddy, too. Please keep him safe for us, until we can see him again. I’m sorry I snuck broccoli onto Cheese and Chocola’s plates. I hope you can forgive me, just like I know Mommy has forgiven me. Thank you for creating the world. Amen.”

Amy felt her heart melt, before remembering it was her turn. “Um…Hello, God. It’s me again. Amy Rose is here! Well, I screwed up again, but I guess you know all about that. I…know I’ve been asking you to help get married to my one true love a lot. I guess I got so impatient, I wanted to make it happen myself, right now…rather than wait until I meet the right person…and the time is right, too. I hope you don’t mind me playing with the Tarot cards too much. I figured the signs all pointed toward Operation…uh, me trying to go after a Chaos Emerald on my own. In retrospect, that was *not* a good idea, and I don’t want to ever do it again. So please help the spanking I got really stick, so I don’t forget. Thank you for giving my Mom and Dad, and thank you for giving me Mrs. Vanilla, for when I’m away from home. Amen.”

There was a long pause, before Rouge opened her eyes. “Hang on, am I older than you? I think I joined the Freedom Fighters a year or two before you did.”

Vanilla shook her head. “A lady never reveals her age. But I’m quite sure I’m older than you.”

Rouge shrugged. “If you figure. Apologies in advance if my prayer is horrible.”

“You can start by bringing your problems to God, and laying them all down at his feet. Don’t worry. If you say anything that’s blasphemous, I’ll just spank you.”

Rouge did a double-take. “Wait, that’s an option?”

Vanilla sighed. “I was kidding, Rouge. You don’t need to recite a florid, poetic prayer from memory. Just speak truthfully, from the heart, and God will hear you. Remember all of the discussions we’ve had, before, and after, spanking? Well, talking to God is a little like that. Start by speaking frankly about what you’ve done wrong. Ask him for forgiveness, and trust in His infinite forbearance. Then ask Him to help guide you, so that you can become better.”

“Wait, God’s a He?”

“Yes. And you’re keeping Him waiting. Say your prayers.”

Sensing that she was one step away from bringing down another round of fiery torment on her devil-red-shaded backside, Rouge bowed her head. “Uh…hello, God. This is Agent Rouge. Rouge the Bat. Sorry I haven’t kept up communications. Work’s been murder…I’ve been thinking a lot…about my Mom, lately. Some things about that time in my life were pretty rough. Sometimes, it was the spankings she dished out…but other times, it was her not being there to dish out a spanking, when I knew I needed one. It took me a while to forgive her…but looking back, I know she was trying to do her best, in a bad situation. I guess I never realized this, but I was blaming you too, which doesn’t really make sense, because I wasn’t even sure you were there in the first place. But…when I wasn’t mad at you…I think there were times I knew you were there looking out for me. Like when I was trapped in that safe-cracker-proof vault on Prison Island…Sorry about blowing up that government facility, by the way. And for helping Dr. Robotnik to blow up the Moon. But that was a tense situation, so I figured you’d understand. Anyway, this is different. Today, I think I really let myself down. This isn’t who I want to be. If you can help me do better…please help me. Even if that means I have to get spanked a lot more. Though, if I can get results without the spanking, that’s my preference…And thank you for my Chaos Emeralds. Just you wait. I’ll take excellent care of them…Uh, the end? Sorry, I’m a bit rusty.”

Vanilla took a deep breath. “...The wording was a little…informal. But thank you, Rouge. That was a very genuine prayer. I will close us in prayer.”

Rouge noticed how Amy and Cream had their eyes closed and their heads bowed respectfully, and mimicked them. Vanilla waited a moment to compose her thoughts, then began. “Almighty God, creator of the universe, thank you for your many blessings. Thank you for the gift of life this day, and every day. Thank you for my daughter, Cream. Lead me to be a wise mother, and raise her up in strength and courage, to stand up for what is right. Thank you for her friendship with Amy Rose. Teach me to nurture and protect Amy, as I would my own daughter, and thank you for blessing this world with a kind, loving person like Amy Rose. Thank you for bringing Rouge into my life. Guide me, so that I may know how to guide her, and give me the patience and self-control I need to temper mercy with justice. Forgive me, for the anger I have nurtured in my heart. Please, bless Miss Rouge with your abundant loving-kindness, and let me be a help to her any way I can. Thank you for protecting the lives of these blessed young women today. Help us all to remember the precious gift of life, and that even in the midst of difficulty, we can

emerge stronger, and aim to walk the narrow path of righteousness. In your Holy name, we pray…Amen."

They all answered, "Amen!"

With a contented sigh, Vanilla turned, and tapped Rouge on the shoulder. "I'm sorry, girls. I forgot to offer you all a kiss. That's usually my custom after a spanking. Would you like one, Miss Rouge?"

Earlier that day, Rouge the Bat had felt bashful plenty of times, especially when her red, spanked, bare bottom had been put on display. But for the first time that day, Rouge the Bat actually looked shy. "Oh…maybe a little peck on the cheek? That's how Mom and I used to greet one another. Or when we needed to kiss and make up, after a row."

Vanilla kissed Rouge's cheek softly "Like this?"

To Vanilla's surprise, Rouge grasped her by the shoulder. "That was so sweet! But more like this. Follow my lead." Rouge leaned in for two quick kisses on either side of Vanilla's, and Vanilla mirrored the gesture.

Vanilla giggled. "Did I do it right?"

Rouge looked at Vanilla with loving, half-lidded eyes. "You'll get the hang of it."

Amy gestured to the top of her head, with an eager look on her face. "Could you maybe do…the silly kiss?"

Silently, Vanilla bent low to kiss Amy on the top of her forehead, then on her nose. Amy returned the gesture.

As Vanilla bent low to kiss her youngest daughter, Cream surprised her mother with a kiss on the lips. Vanilla touched her lips. "Goodness! You haven't kissed me on the lips since you were a toddler."

Cream beamed. "You looked like you needed a special kiss today."

Vanilla quickly wiped a tear from her eye as she stood to her full, towering height. "Thank you, girls. Now, straight to bed. You all have a busy day tomorrow morning…Take a few moments to reflect on everything, as you lay yourselves down to sleep."

Cream dove onto her bed and snuggled under the blankets, making sure to lay on her tummy.

Amy quickly sat on the bottom twin bed, before remembering she did not want to be doing any sitting. "Oof! I call dibs on the bottom bunk!"

Suddenly, Rouge's face appeared from the top bunk above. "Too late! I already called top bunk!"

As they noticed Vanilla approaching, both girls quickly got under the covers, careful to lay on their sides.

Already, Amy felt herself starting to drift away, as Vanilla pulled the cover tight and tucked her in. "Mrs. Vanilla…do you think we'll need lots more spankings this week?"

Vanilla kissed Amy on her forehead, then her nose, just the way she liked it. "That depends, Amy, dear. Knowing you, you're likely to earn at least one or two, but I'm rooting for you."

Rouge pressed her face tight against her pillow, but relaxed as she felt Vanilla kiss her on the cheek. "Will…will we ever be too old for a spanking?"

Vanilla shook her head. "Only when you decide to act like it. No one is too old for a spanking, when they need one."

Rouge smiled. "Not even you?"

For the first time that day, Vanilla the Rabbit looked like she wasn't quite sure of herself. Her poker face had finally cracked. "Well, no. Now that you mention it…I suppose I'm not too old for a spanking either…at least, if I ever really needed one. That's just life. Even if you don't have someone there to lovingly tan your hide, and point you back to the right path, then life itself starts to punish you. That's why I believe in spanking, you see. It's good for what ails us."

Rouge propped up to lean on her elbow. "Good to know. But what about you? Don't you ever need someone to lovingly tan your hide, and point you back to the right path?"

Reflexively, Vanilla reached to cover her bottom, before she disguised the act by folding her hands behind her back. "It's…been a long time since I had a friend like that. But it takes a rare sort of person to command my respect. I'm not one to be bossed around."

"Clearly not…then again, that's how I used to feel. A strong, independent woman. But just look at me now…deep down in my heart…I know I'm just a naughty girl, who still needs a good spanking from Mommy."

Vanilla nodded, then nudged Rouge to let her finish tucking her in. "Perhaps…but I believe you'll grow into a person you can be proud of. Already, you've made a remarkable improvement. I hope I never have to spank you again, Miss Rouge."

Rouge flashed her vampiric teeth in a devious smile, before surprising Vanilla with a quick kiss on the lips. "And I hope I can find a way to repay your kindness…someday. Thank you for spanking me, Mrs. Vanilla."

Vanilla lightly touched her lips. “...You’re…very welcome, Miss Rouge. Nighty night!”

After recovering her prim and proper poise, Vanilla marched out of the bedroom. She had a sinking feeling that she was in for a long, long week. A mother’s work was never done.

[End of Chapter 4]

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